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D I A R Y

CAPTAIN ROBERT G. DAVIS, MC, USN

* Prisoner of the Japanese in *

Izon, Formosa, Japan, Manchuria

8 December 1941-7 September 1945

268-45

DIARY: CAPTAIN ROBERT G. DAVIS, MC USN
8 Dec 1941- - - - -7 Sept 1945

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This copy presented to:

VICE ADMIRAL ROSS T. McINTIRE
MC USN

With the best wishes of the author--

R. G. DAVIS, Captain MC USN, Retired

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DIARY

CAPTAIN ROBERT G. DAVIS,
MC USN

Medical Officer in Command, U.S. Naval Hospital,
Canacao, P.I.

From the Outbreak of the War in the Philippines

Until his Return to the United States

8 December 1941----- 7 September 1945

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8 Dec 1941 - - - - - 7 Sept 1945ARCHIVIST'S NOTE

This document, a copy of Captain Davis's personal diary which he kept from the outbreak of the war in the Far East until his return to Washington, D.C. following liberation from a prison camp at Mukden, Manchuria, was presented by him after retirement from active duty, for incorporation with other prisoner of war material.

It is a valuable historical comment on the treatment of high-ranking officers by their Japanese captors. His remarks concern enemy administration of prison camps in the Philippines, Formosa, Japan and Manchuria.

Captain Davis was Medical Officer in Command of the U.S. Naval Hospital, Canacao, P.I. when the war broke there on 8 December 1941, and was also District Medical Officer. The Canacao Unit was evacuated to the Manila Area and established at the Philippine Union College, and subsequently reestablished in Manila proper at Santa Scholastica in accordance with his final directive from the District Commandant. There, on 2 January 1942, the unit was interned by Japanese authorities. However the unit continued to function as a naval hospital within enemy lines, caring for our sick and wounded, until dissolved by enemy military authorities on 9 May.

Captain Davis maintained an official journal of the Canacao Hospital until 9 May 1942. This he carried through the years of captivity and brought back to Bureau Archives on his return. His personal diary was maintained as a profuse collection of miscellaneous dated notes, set down on any kind of paper or other writing material available. Since repatriation he has transferred these notes, with whatever editing the original scraps required, to a manuscript journal of 181 pages of double-spaced typewritten matter. The accompanying document is a transcript of this journal.


RUFUS F. DIXON, Archivist
Hospital Corps Archives

BUMED: MHS: 24 June, 1946

8 Dec 1941- - - - -7 Sept 1945Deaths mentioned in Capt. Davis's Journal

DATE	NAME	CAUSE	PAGE
1- 1-42	Comdr. Sumner Cheever	Accidental fall from building	3.
7-11-42	Col. Barry	Streptococcus throat	38.
11-11-42	Gen. Beckwith-Smith	Ephtheria	40.
3-16-43	Col. Bunker	Nutritional edema	45.
6-26-43	Col. Frank Hresina	Coronary occlusion	52.
7- 7-45	Dr. Pigdon of Australia	Brain tumor	73.
8-15-45	Col. Floyd Marshall	Tuberculosis	74.

Covering Period

8 December 1941-----7 September 1945

1941

WAR
IN
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EAST

8 Dec '41: Called at 0345 by Lieut. Comdr. Grandfield, War Plans Officer of Cavite Navy Yard, stating that hostilities had begun. Conference on veranda with Executive Officer Capt. L.J. Roberts and Dr. C.C. Welch, Hospital War Plans Officer. To yard at 0700 to confer with Commandant. Orders secured for immediate sand bags and lighter for transfer of medical stores to Mariveles and Manila. A 50 kw lighting unit was secured and installed in the hospital power house. Alarm at 1000, Clark Field being bombed. Worked all day on hospital security; sand bagging the hospital and loading supplies on lighter from Supply Depot. Lighter away at 2200 in charge of Pharmacist Mate Henson. Medical stores from the hospital had previously been distributed in four different places about the hospital grounds, also 48 caskets had been removed from the Supply Depot to a garage and the space utilized for the storages of six-hundred cots and mattresses from the yard Supply Officer.

9 Dec '41: Awakened at 0300 with heavy bombing of Nichols Field. All alert at the hospital, securing at 0600. Early conference with Commandant regarding transfer of all patients to Sternberg General Hospital and 154 Zere transferred at 1300 by water. 62 patients were discharged the day before which included all Veterans and Navy about ready for duty. Admirals Hart and Rockwell called at 5 PM and pleased with actions taken. Two alarms during the night at 1958 and 2150.

10 Dec '41: Air alarms at 0123 and 0245. The Executive Officer accompanied me to Manila to visit patients at Sternberg and confer with Colonel Carroll, Medical Corps, U.S. Army, head of the medical activities in Manila. Difficult trip home. Especially through the Nichols Field area. Air raid alarm at 1235 and Cavite was bombed furiously for 40 minutes. 81 bombers and 15 or 20 fighters apparently unopposed. Shelter in the old Spanish cistern. All clear at 1350 and wounded began arriving in all manner of vehicles. The hospital being empty the beds were filled at once with about 400 patients. Over 100 treated in surgery. All lights were out, elevator dead, but the fifty KW unit lighted the operating rooms, halls and part of the wards. At 1800 boats arrived from Manila having been dispatched by the Fleet Surgeon and began evacuating patients and dead to San Roque through Doctor Sanchez the local Filipino Health Officer. At 0200 after air alarm was secured went to Caridad School Yard to see the Commandant where the remaining personnel of the bombed Cavite Navy Yard had settled down for the night. No return transportation so lay down on the grass in the moonlight to await daylight. At 0300 Doctor Herthneck appeared and drove us to Canacao where the rest of the night was spent in supervising the evacuation of wounded. At 0600 conferred with the Commandant in Cavite who approved the immediate evacuation of the hospital as it seemed evident that the radio towers at Sangley Point would be bombed at any hour. After notifying the commanding officer of the adjacent air station that the hospital was being evacuated I drove to Manila and met Doctor Erickson at Sternberg Hospital who suggested the Philippine Union College as a better and safer location. Drove out to Balintawak with Erickson and accented the college after a brief survey. On return to Canacao I met Lyle in a loaded ambulance who advised I return to Manila as the Ammunition Depot was expected to blow up at any minute. We surveyed the P.U.C. and began the active removal of Canacao. Returned to Canacao for conference with Commandant and securing of personal effects. Left Canacao at 1800 and reached P.U.C. in Balintawak at 2130 after a difficult black-trip of 30 miles. Established field station for first aid at the end of Canacao Blvd. Manned by Drs. Boone, Cohen, Ferguson, Lambert and Morgan with 20 Corpemen.

1941 11 Dec '41) Artesian well dug to 385 feet. All wards screened. Latrines
to) and showers installed and all medical supplies available were
26 Dec '41) moved daily from Canacao between air raid alarms. Constabulary
at) Guard secured after learning Sakdalists in neighboring barrio.
Philippine) The Seventh-Day Adventists at the school gave all possible aid.
Union) Patients from Sternberg were transferred as soon as ready.
College) Daily alarms at noon hour which were ominous hours with large
groups of planes overhead. Daily news was up and down. Sangley
Point and Canacao bombed on the 19th. Dispatched George, LaVictoire and Ritter
with 12 corpsmen and followed in car with Pharmacist Shearer. Found all badly
bombed and Commandant at gate reporting the Medical Department had functioned
well and all patients sent to Manila by water. Lieutenant Raymond in charge of
the MARY ANN and the Pan-American speed boat. Radio tower down and several bomb
craters-- in Canacao grounds. Several buildings including my quarters hit but main
hospital building escaped. All Red Crosses had been erased after grounds and
buildings were taken over for military purposes. On the twenty-third sent
Hayes, Ritter and Ferguson to Fourth Marines at Mariveles with 10 corpsmen.
Twenty-fifth - a bad Christmas. Boone, Morgan and twelve corpsmen with medical
supplies sent by truck to join Hayes at Mariveles. Just before noon Lieutenant
Commander Baltzly phoned from the Bay View Hotel that a despatch had been received
at the communication office from Commandant of the 16th Naval District for the
Naval Hospital "Retain Hospital in Manila Area". Said he was phoning for the
Communication Officer who was out getting ready to proceed to Mariveles with
Baltzly. Open city declared by General MacArthur, but bombing continued along the
Pert and Pasig River Area. Word was received that Captain Lowman along with other
members of Admiral Hart's staff had gone to Mariveles. Events made it evident
that we must get the hospital into Manila proper as Balintawak was being surveyed
by Army personnel relative to a future battle area. Colonel Carroll, head of the
Army Medical Center, recommended the Holy Ghost College as a ready location. After
an early and drab breakfast of boiled cabbage and corn beef, Lyle and I drove into
Manila to inspect and completed arrangements. Returned to Philippine Union College
and all hands were glad to hear that we were to move. During the night all the
Army were ordered to evacuate Manila, so, early on the 26th a better location,
namely, Santa Scholastica's College, was obtained and we began moving in as the
Army moved out. The location was 1532 Pennsylvania Avenue. Moved rapidly between
air alarms. On the 26th the Fleet Surgeon Capt. K.E. Lowman returned from Mariveles
with Boone, Kline, Morgan and eight corpsmen, as the Commanding Officer of the
Section Base and the Chief of Staff stated they were not needed there. I at once
assigned Captain Lowman as Chief of Surgery in the place of Commander Hayes, who
had joined the Marines.... Last night at Philippine Union College and moved into
Scholastica. All patients moved on the 26th and supplies came fast until 29th
when it was necessary to concentrate on food transfer. Some medical stores and
one day's food for fifty had to be left at Philippine Union College as all per-
sonnel had to be brought into Manila when we were informed that Japanese troops
were entering the city. No chance to return and supplies at Philippine Union Col-
lege lost by looting. At the outbreak of hostilities 140 tons of medical stores
in the supply depot were distributed as follows: 90 tons, including one battalion
outfit, to Mariveles; 20 tons to the Custom House; 40 tons to Philippine Union
College; 10 additional tons and field equipment, to Mariveles. Of the 80 tons
in the Manila Bodega 15 tons were distributed to a small storehouse on Nebraska
Street, and just before the Japanese arrived 20 tons were given to the Red Cross
and the remainder lost when it was necessary to destroy the Navy Bodega.

1941 The hospital supplies in the Canacao store-room were distributed in four different places about the hospital grounds before the bombing on the 10 of December and were later sent to Sternberg and Philippine Union College - total approximately was 50 tons. The cots and mattresses stored in the supply depot were transferred to Sternberg and the 48 caskets stored in a garage were completely destroyed by a direct bomb hit when Sangley Point and the Canacao Area was bombed on the 19th. We had 153 patients when transferred from Philippine Union College to Santa Scholastica. Previously, several drafts that had recovered and were fit for duty had been transferred to the temporary receiving-ship set up at the Enlisted Men's Club in Manila. After receiving the remaining patients from Sternberg our Census was 229. 76 Army patients were transferred to Scholastica from Sternberg when it appeared that the Quezon Bridge would be bombed. On the night of December 31st all Army patients following the orders of Colonel Carroll were transferred to a Red Cross ship, which we later learned sailed for Port Darwin, Australia. No instructions were received for the transfer of any Navy patients on said ship and the next day we were interned by the Japanese with all outside communications cut off. Phoned the Swiss Consul who stated he could do nothing to help as he had not been accredited by the Japanese. The Red Cross was frozen and no help from the Japanese Consul. The High Commissioner's Office informed me that all communications and transportation had been cut off from Corregidor. On the eve of the Cavite bombing there were 29 dead. Five of whom were unidentified, but all were interred in Fort McKinley. The unidentified were interred by a number corresponding to one placed on the Form H together with all identifying marks. A bottle containing individual identification was attached to the ankle of each body. Approximately 500 were burned in buildings and remains not recovered, the greater majority being civilians. 125 bodies were interred in bomb craters in the Navy Yard, Cavite. Decomposition of bodies in the hot tropical sun and the resulting stench made it necessary for gas masks to be worn while this unpleasant duty was being performed.

When interned our staff consisted of 161 patients; 15 medical officers; 5 dental officers; 5 pharmacists; 2 chaplains; 11 nurses; 101 hospital corpsmen; 2 Army medical orderlies who had been left in Manila joined our hospital organization making the total hospital bunch 302.

30 Dec '41: Had 1 at noon that the Japanese forces were 12 miles south of the city and we could hear explosions of roads and bridges. No resistance to be offered. Ken and I had usual walk up Taft Ave. In eve dynamiting throughout city and bad fires. Comdr. Cheever returned from Mariveles.

31 Dec '41: Early A.M. Skies black with smoke from burning oil supplies. More explosions and ominous signs. Advised all hands to be calm. Remain on compound etc. and conserve food and water. Evening walk on Taft Ave.

1942 1 Jan '42: Anonymous New Year. Fires and looting started. High Commissioner Aide phoned all law out of control. Japanese forces to enter city today. Visited the High Commissioner's Office and the Red Cross for information and advice. Commander Sumner Cheever, U.S. Navy, fell off the main building, a distance of about 60 feet and died in a few minutes. After securing a Philippine Coroner a Board of Investigation was held. It's findings was "in line of duty", injuries, multiple, extreme, following an accidental fall. Wonder when this startling news can reach the Navy Department. Body sent to the Army Morgue. The usual evening walk. The Japanese troops are entering the city and as they pass the neighboring

1942 internee camp, lusty cheers were heard, we wondered when conditions would be reversed and we could do the cheering. Fires and looting near and fear of invasion of our compound. Capt. Wilterdink, Supply Corps, admitted this date with appendicitis, chronic.

INTERNEED 2 Jan '42: Fires continue. Lighting current off. Fear of refrigeration.
BY Lights on in two hours and great relief. In the afternoon a committee of Japanese
JAPS arrived and seized the premises, telling me that I was responsible for all buildings. Asked about Arms and looked in my safe. There was no search or personnel disturbed. Soon after the Japanese departed, garbage near the galley began to explode. Investigation revealed that some hidden ammunition had become ignited, the condition unexplainable. A rifle was thrown over our wall apparently to embarrass us. I placed a close patrol along the inner side of the walls to watch for any unexpected happenings. The daily walks were ended. Lights on in the evening. At any rate it's some relief from the constant air alarm and bombings we have been experiencing daily.

3 Jan '42: A Japanese soldier was heard pounding on our closed front gate at 0445. He told us to stay put, we will. At 0745 a Japanese soldier searched our sentry at the gate and closed the gate again. 1350 - three Japanese conferred with me. 1850 a car driven by a Japanese crashed through our compound wall. No injuries.

4 Jan '42: Food conservation necessary and two meals per day, with breakfast at ten AM, and evening meal at five PM. We have no butter. Gave another talk to all hands as I wish to keep everyone informed as the situation develops. Another Japanese committee called; they come about every hour, ask the same questions and don't seem to ever get together. No questions are given and they leave. The Staff is dressed in white except the officers, who are in khaki. A Japanese sentry has been posted directly across the street from our main gate. All day cheering from the Japanese internees who have not yet been released as the Japanese forces enter the city. Red Cross personnel are detained at the Bay View Hotel.

5 Jan '42: Quiet day, just waiting. Cars counted and more questions asked. The Hospital is neutralized by the Red Cross but doubt if it means anything to the Japanese. A lieut. speaking good English advised me to write a letter to the High Japanese Command relating who were here and recording the location of any stores that we may have. Between these various committee visits I am spending mt time today with a jig-saw puzzle. I wonder if it has any significance in the entanglements ahead. All are calm. Koenig, Oliver, MMI died at 2215. Not able to remove body as the telephone number given to us by the Japanese does not answer and those across the street won't help. Body sent to the laboratory after a little service by the Chaplain. No guards at the gate.

6 Jan '42: No events today. Body of Koenig left at 1545 through aid of the Red Cross to Funeria Nationale with Japanese approval. After the long delay with awaiting the arrival of the Japanese it became necessary to make arrangements for the burial of Koenig's body and the Mother Superior gave us permission to bury in the compound ground. The arrival of the Japanese at the last moment made it unnecessary. Some aerial activity around Nichols Field. No communications at all. Wish I could get a message home. Looting and fires apparently ended. Warning in papers of reprisals 10 to 1. Any accident to a Japanese will result in 10 of the enemy being shot.

1942

7 Jan '42: At ten-fifteen inspection of hospital and grounds by several Japanese doctors collecting quinine. Three autos and radios taken. At 1400 the Japanese took over the compound and posted guard. Verbal orders to me for all Americans to stay in the compound. Filipinos free to go and come. Permission to receive personal purchases through Filipinos. General master and gave all developments to the personnel. A tedious day but all relieved to know the news. A Japanese committee called saying that they were going to bring a draft of some thirty American Officers who had been taken prisoners to be left at the Santa Scholastica, and that I would be responsible for them. I refused flatly, stating that I had no guards and could not assume such duty. They stated that it made them distrust the word of American Officers, as they had promised not to escape, and they would bring the officers anyway, however this was not done.

8 Jan '42: Several visits and inspections by the Japanese. The best of one committee was a Doctor of Lieut. Comdr. rank of the Japanese Navy, who better understands our problems and difficulties, with so many diverse directives. Threat to search again. Hope the Japanese Navy will take charge. Heckling guards demand chairs, tables, cots, and a clock for their station at the gate. They ordered corpsmen to place shelter tents etc. for their use. Japanese tanks are passing on Taft Avenue.

9 Jan '42: Complete search by a committee of Medical Officers and all souvenirs ordered to be collected and turned into the Japanese. Major Ota called and asked me and several patients about how we felt about the war. We didn't know, as no news or radios available. How did we feel as they were entering Manila? I told them we were calm as we thought they would be honorable etc. A Japanese Officer called to interview radio ratings. Took Costa away for the night. A receipt was given for him.

10 Jan '42: Costa returned unharmed after questioning. Dr. Omorti, Capt., asked about the cost of food and medical supplies for one month here, also a list of all our medicine. Several more committees and a group of Japanese doctors inspected the hospital. Seemed interested and pleased. Wish we could have a definite directive. All calm.

11 Jan '42: Lt. Iwasi Shimizu called for one hour and arranged for Sgt. Wells lip treatment with radium at the Philippine General Hospital. Sgt. Wells of the Marine Corps has a probable epithelioma of the lip and no treatment is available here but arrangements had been previously made for the Philippine General Hospital to treat him. The Japanese Lieutenant said he would let me know tomorrow, and requested that I give him a message for America. The following message was written out, "Capt. Davis was interviewed in Manila this afternoon at the Naval Medical Center and stated that all patients were improving and that he and his staff were well, receiving good care and courteous treatment."

12 Jan '42: Lieutenant Iwasi Shimizu called and took Sgt. Wells to the Philippine General Hospital for two weeks radium treatment. It was arranged over the phone with Dr. Sisson. We received no news. Twenty-seven Japanese bombers flew over at low altitude. What we thought was distant firing, the Japs say are exploding automobile tires. We say to ourselves, maybe. At three a large number of soldiers and a young Japanese Lieutenant took all of our trucks. I protested particularly for the two ambulances and they left one. Rumors of unrest in the city. Phoned Vargas and was told to call Japanese Consul General. The Japanese Consul promised to send a representative to us tomorrow. The Catholic Sisters are very disturbed. We had a quiet night but all very anxious.

1942 13 Jan '42: I wrote a letter to the High Japanese Command recounting our problems of food irregularities, general confusion etc., and again requested a liaison officer. Chancellor Okaki of consulate called and promised to straighten out problems including pilfering by sentries and abrupt visits to the nurses' rooms etc. I am hopeful of results. All is quiet in the city but Japanese sentries can be seen on all tall buildings. The American Red Cross reports that all their food has been sealed and only enough food left in the city for one month. They are out of money and trying to get more, also a food ship from the United States. A committee of Japanese called to "rent" office space for fifteen. No suitable space is found. Nothing new at all. Long hours but all are patient.

14 Jan '42: A quiet night. Better sleep. Committee of Japanese Navy headed by Chief Surgeon T. Yoshida of Capt. Rank informing me that a decision had been reached, namely that the Japanese Navy would henceforth take over the supervision of all sick and any United States property. He asked for a classification of patients and a complete inventory of all supplies and equipment. I told him I was worried over our food supply and they said none was to be had. All is quiet and it is somewhat of a relief to get some sort of a liaison and hope to be free of so many diversified things from the Army. It seems a better outlook.

15 Jan '42: Things are not so good this morning. The Navy does not come and the military are getting tighter with ground freedom. Must separate ourselves from the Sisters. Sentries are making closer inspections. Several delegations of Military committees have arrived. The city and area are quiet. No news. Talk of removing recovered patients. Each committee that arrives go over the same ground of inspections and ask the same questions. One wonders if they will ever get together.

16 Jan '42: I commended corporsman at a general muster and had the same placed on their service records. Capt. Iwasaki taking over the guard and issuing more orders. No communication with the outside. Sisters are absolutely cut off. Their section has been sealed with strips over their doors. The grounds are divided. The Captain spent two hours inspecting. Back three times during the day. He certainly is a very unpleasant man.

17 Jan '42: Iwasaki back and had all phones out. Yard further cut off with bard wire. We are losing at least four-fifths of our exercising area. Our over-worked laundry placed out of bounds and strong protests to no avail. We were ordered to remove all food stores at once from the galley location which is too near the church area. Two meals at ten and five carrying us along. Three-hundred and twenty to feed and it is better with a hundred forty-four of the Church off our supplies. Many more guards through the grounds. Dr. Azuma with a radio officer took Acosta, RM-2c, to Cavite for the day for investigation. Campbell and Tinsley questioned yesterday. We are in a real prison camp now but all are well and no harm to us except more restrictions. Must make the food last as no signs of help from the Japanese.

18 Jan '42: Started a quiet Sunday but stirred by a Corpsmen incident who were both slapped by a sentry when they failed to stand at attention and keep still. Their names and ages were taken at the gate. General muster and all deeply perturbed when I explained the situation and warned all to watch their deportment in the presence of any Japanese. A Kangaroo Court was held for the two slapped Corpsmen by the rest of the Corpsmen. Rain, showers, and several planes overhead. The Japanese sent us some ice today. Perhaps in response to my letter sent to LaSalle College, their headquarters, yesterday. Hope to get some adjustments of the present restrictions. No officers here today and all quiet.

1942

20 Jan '42: Usual routine the last two days. New guard. Committee of Sergeants called at three and spent two hours in a thorough quiz. No coordination between Committees apparent to us. All requests must be referred to higher authority and no results obtained. Ice in, but all else refused. Seen irritated over reported Japanese hospital ship being sunk. No reflection of observing the Geneva Convention. Guess we are the goats. Need a Japanese officer here who can speak English.

22 Jan '42: Wrote a letter to LaSalle College for a Japanese Officer to call. No results. During some singing in our recreation room last evening a Japanese sentry rushed in swinging his gun and ordered all to cease immediately. No more gatherings of personnel permitted. Absolutely no news. An officer patient, Stephenson, with tuberculosis, was slapped by a sentry this morning for having hands in pockets. Wish we could get an officer here to help in our troubles. Absolutely in the hands of young sentries. No outside contacts allowed.

23 Jan '42: A quiet night but activity on the street with troop movements. Tanks going south this A.M. Sentries more agreeable. No signs of an officer. We are in the hands of sentries alone, be they good or bad. Hospital ship incident is not acute. All of Geneva is forgotten from the first. Our Red Cross car was the first one to be taken and the Red Cross Manager, Mr. Foster, was interned from the first. No help from the Swiss Consul so here we are remaining absolutely incommunicado. Noise of firing north and south of the city last eve and this AM. Our routine is conjecture and hope.

24 Jan '42: Despair over not seeing an officer was somewhat dispelled today when friendly Lieutenant Iwashimizu called with a note from Sgt. Wells who is at the Philippine General Hospital for radium treatment to his lip saying he needed some cigarettes and it was necessary to stay another two weeks. The Lieutenant said he would report our difficulties with the sentries to the officer in charge, but will he? New guard arrived under Sgt. Masao Takeda. More friendly and speaks a few words of English. He asked for an English lesson so I sat down at the gate for twenty minutes and helped them with their dictionary. Two Red Cross Filipino women were admitted for laundry but after bringing it out the order was "No" so back it came. No allowance of food or packages. Even those inspected cannot be brought in. The Sergeant with an interpreter came to my room at eight PM and I was able to explain several problems and able to move some effects of patients that had been previously placed out of bounds when the barbed-wire was installed. This was accomplished about ten PM as the Sergeant said we must be very quiet and not let anyone know that he had given us this permission. Poor sleep, and feel a change coming. Strange to be cut off from the world, but all are patient. Here now twenty-three days. Asked the interpreter to come daily, but no telling. The guard played basket ball with our boys today and one got his hair cut. Many inconsistencies so no dependence on an understood routine.

25 Jan '42: Quiet Sunday dawned. Wonder what the day will bring forth but hopes are greater. Heat lightning was observed off toward Bataan last evening. We wonder if it might be our guns firing. Japanese planes were over yesterday with bombs, in the direction of Atimonan. What is the change? Troops going north and south. We are assured by the Japanese that the war will be over in a few days and we can all be released. I suppose they think America is going to surrender. Lyle is in bed today with a mild enteritis. I have no symptoms, and glad of health. Books read, "Here's to Canada" by Dorothy Duncan; "The City of Illusion", Vardis Fisher; "The Keys to the Kingdom" by Cronin; Four western books, "Battle of Three Crosses", "Red Clark Takes a Hand", so my reading is up and down.

1942

26 Jan '42: All quiet but ominous. At two p.m. the Army and Navy representatives arrived together and talked of thirty patients being taken and ordered all spare beds, one hundred and sixty, to be ready in the morning. Sudden air raid at nine-fifteen last evening and again at eleven fifteen PM. No sleep and wondering what it was all about. Several bombs dropped near Nichols Field. Dr. Brokenshire, the Officer of the Day, was called to the gate for a slight misunderstanding. And slapped because he had invited the excited guards to come into the building for protection. Their reply was "No Japanese needs help from anyone". There was considerable activity all night around the Colocan area.

27 Jan '42: Still lots of distant firing being heard. Lights on at daylight. Japanese called for 160 beds; all that were not occupied, also linen, mattresses, and mosquito nets. Quiet night. No communication through the gate for food except ice. No callers allowed as usual except the Japanese. Time is long but the morale is good. Total war they say. No non-combatants recognized. Red Cross frozen.

28 Jan '42: A quiet night with the lights on. The Japanese Army and Navy personnel called for thirty recovered patients. Sad departure but all quiet and orderly. Azuma said I looked worried but all would be well with me and my staff. They asked for names of mental and tubercular patients. Hard to dope it all out. They have opened a Japanese hospital somewhere in Pasay. Wonder if our patients are to be used as attendants there. Large groups of planes flying high in a southerly direction. Not able to identify. Countryside very quiet. All we can do is conjecture. Plenty of heat lightening as they call it, observed last night in Bataan.

30 Jan '42: Quiet morning. In the afternoon Lt. Suzuki, Medical Corps, called for six Corps Pouches and a box of intravenous glucose. Very courteous and understood our needs of more fruits, vegetables etc. Wonder if anything will result. Food, in need of more vitamins. Receipts arrived for the 160 beds and the Corps Pouches. Don't expect any change in present situation. Sentries are more docile today and all relieved of former tension.

31 Jan '42: No change in conditions but the night was quiet. No air activities but plenty of heat lightening again in the evening observed from the roof. Finished the book "Tell of Time" by Laura Krey. End of a long month.

FEB

1 Feb '42: Rumors of good news. Mrs. Hobbs, Red Cross representative got in with a Russian Interpreter and brought some magazines and cigarettes. First contact with the outside for two weeks. Guard playing croquet and the tension lessened somewhat. How and when will it all end? Long time without radio and outside world communications. Would be easier if allowed to buy food through the gate. Need mixed vitamins. Am 14 pounds off, but feel well. Walk two hours daily. Getting used to two meals per day. Have enough if none is taken away. Visiting committees make one wonder.

2 Feb '42: Azuma called with Lt. Hamamoto head of Japanese supplies for the Navy and asked for medical stores and instruments. Protests resulted in only a few instruments being taken at this time and a percentage of medical supplies. They will give me no fixed percentage as they say they will eventually take out patients, and as we will not receive more, the staff will be moved in about a month. I wonder where and if conditions at this time will permit? No news as per routine and hope wanes at times. Long hours with only conjectures to live with. Dr. Sanchez of Cavite called but was not allowed to talk with me at the door.

1942 Disappointing, as he was the health officer who helped us the day that Cavite was bombed, namely 10 December. Wish to hear of Canacao, but - no. A Japanese Sergeant obtained food from our galley and fed the mental patients. The guard took food for the night crew. They left a five thirty call with the Master at Arms desk. Spirits must pick up. The Japanese guards eat three times a day with food brought to them, but they always survey our galley and ask for extra things. The principle food they like is canned pineapples. This morning when asking for coffee, and our Chinese cook being slow in producing it as only a part of one coffee pot was available for the whole hospital personnel, the guard shoved the coffee pot, with his bayonet off on the floor and marched away.

3 Feb '42: A good night's sleep, and feel better, but no news. Had a talk this morning with Padre Daughtery over policies, and explained the difference between a Chaplain and an Evangelist. He has been pursuing the policies of the latter beyond my approval. As all Protestant patients have been disturbed over being told that they cannot be saved from this terrible war unless they adopt a different faith. Japanese back for more medical stores. Lt. Comdr. Tanaka went through the hospital with Lyle. Cool weather and waiting. Second load of Medical stores taken.

4 Feb '42: A quiet night. Spent a while on the roof where we go each evening for observation but all was dark in the neighboring environment. Azume and Lt. Comdr Hatakeyma spent an hour with us discussing the venereal problem in Cavite. I referred them to Dr. Sanchez, the Cavite Health Officer. They report Canacao hospital undamaged and grounds about ten percent ^{here} damaged. Asked us to reduce staff after they remove our patients to save food/which is Navy's, and they want the Army to feed part of us. I urged the staff be left intact. They said they were studying the question. Hope they leave us alone. Always something to worry about. It may not be serious as explained our food economy. News would help as conjectures lead one astray. Maybe February will produce some answers. If American forces should enter this city this hospital would be a godsend to them and accordingly I am very anxious not to lose any of my staff or any more beds, that we might be ready. Am reading magazines three years old, finished the "Mysterious Rider" by Zane Grey. Will start "Disputed Passage" tomorrow. The Sisters are planting lettuce.

5 Feb '42: Four loads of Medical Stores taken. Worried over having to divide staff which is against the Geneva Treaty and hope it won't have to be. No visitors today, slow hours, wondering. Reading "Disputed Passage". In the evening many flashes seen over Bataan. Guard changed and tougher. Demanding that the gate be cleaned and mosquito nets issued. Guards have begun taking away the nets when change occurs every two or three days.

6 Feb '42: Quiet night and some heavy detonations in Bataan and Cavite province. Planes less and we wonder. Finished "Disputed Passage" by Lloyd Douglas. Some linen received through Red Cross but very difficult with the present guard. Some soiled linen sent out. First for ten days, and corpsmen have been washing some uniforms and hospital linen with one salvaged washing machine which is installed in a bathroom. Bed linen is only changed once a week unless soiled before then. Of course nothing can be ironed but we feel it is not hindering the recovery of the patients. Very long hours with no news or communication with the outside world.

- 1942
- 7 Feb '42: Lots of lights off toward Corregidor last evening. The night was quiet. No city activity today or visitors, and one wonders. Almost forgot there may be a USAFE. No visitors mean an undisturbed day and we are thankful. Sentries on the roof of LaSalle College today, what does it mean? The local Manila Tribune, a Japanese publication, is filled with their propaganda. America and England will soon be annihilated, etc.
- 8 Feb '42: A very quiet Sunday. Capt. Wilterdink sand at church. No rumors and a long day. Finished reading "There's One in Every Family" by Francis Eisenberg. Also O'Henry Prize Stories for 1940.
- 9 Feb '42: No news or visitors, just another long day. Not a single thing such as food or clothing came past the guards. No understanding yet. They publish how well things are in other camps.
- 10 Feb '42: More medical stores including cots taken. Left twelve at my urging, also the microscope and the laboratory incubators. Chief machinist Gooding a patient, and Glick, a Phar. Mts, and Chaplain Brewster report a scandalous charge against Chap. Quinn. Each one thoroughly interviewed and all is circumstantial, with no proof whatever. Just another problem to worry about. I told them to keep still and I would handle the matter. I am not going to remove Chaplain Quinn from his Chaplain duties and smear his name without proof. A spelling match was held in the evening. A colorless performance. No applauding allowed by the guards. We had a nice rain shower.
- 11 Feb '42: I had a long interview today with Chaplain Quinn. As usual there are two sides to every story. No activity. Can't see why we cannot at least have some visits from the Red Cross with welfare articles, but the answer is no.
- 12 Feb '42: Lincoln's birthday but a queer one for us. Reading and walking is the only past-time. No visitors from Japanese officials for eight days. We just wait and hope.
- 13 Feb '42: It is now Friday the 13th and should be a lucky day but absolutely quiet. Paper says Singapore has fallen and Adm. Hart has resigned. Looks like a long stay here. Few planes in and out. No city activity can be noted. Just read and walk. Can't see why we can't have some Red Cross supplies passed in the gate, but No! So we wait. Not as prisoners of war but as closely guarded internees. We are the only military Americans here and are too much in the lime light. But there is nothing we can do. No appeal can be made as no responsible personnel visit us, not even a Japanese or Swiss consul, so with no phones, we can only wait. The days are long.
- 14 Feb '42: The war is quiet but a queer Valentine Day. If we could only send a message home. John's ~~eighteenth~~ birthday. Paper says Singapore not yet fallen; has thirteen miles to go. News of an objective for us. Sign put up at gate for all passers to bow to sentry. Several Filipinos have bitten the dust. Hope it doesn't apply to us. Sentries courteous today. Glad to note that the U.S. and Japan have agreed to International treatment of all prisoners.

60th

1942 15 Feb '42: After twelve days of wondering Lt. Comdr. Tanaka and Azuma came and asked for the list of recovered patients and all ambulatory, needing only dispensary care, for proposed transfer to an unnamed location, also doctors and corpsmen to care for them. They expect beds and supplies etc. Why oh why don't they leave us alone. Worry no end. Next came the Japanese Military Police to inspect. Can't speak a word of English so no help with our gate and local problems. Next came Sergeant Ma. Kanata, director of Navy patients. Very affable, forty-eight years old and inspected all patients and hospital equipment. Asked him to let us remain here and he said he would confer further with the Military, but assured me any transferred staff would not lose their Red Cross identity, and that all Geneva provisions would be observed. He said "we are all sons of God and Gentlemen". What a slush! He asked me to call on him when peace was declared, after the Americans surrendered. Next a Japanese committee called asking about our morale. Said very heavy fighting in Bataan but after a few days plenty of food ships would be arriving in Manila and as soon as their trucks returned from Bataan they would bring us needed vegetables, fruit and eggs. They asked about slappings here and if we could get up basket and baseball games with them. They even asked me where McArthur is. Hope they don't move personnel but it is a terrific worry and can do nothing about it. Saw some flashes off toward Mariveles.

16 Feb '42: I got lists ready of about seventy patients for transfer as indicated yesterday. Now who will make up the staff. Finished reading "A Toast to Tomorrow" by Coles and "Simon Lash" "Private Detective" by Frank Gruber. Fine cool day and all quiet. Wonder what the news may be. Two military inspection groups looking over the grounds. Evidently OK as they asked no questions. Lt. Col. Kawakuma and a group of officers inspected the hospital asking the usual questions.

17 Feb '42: Selected Brokenshire, George, and Lambert with Wanger, Dental Corps as group to accompany draft and they will list supplies and instruments to take with about forty corpsmen. Difficult assignment but all showed a fine sense of duty. Japanese Army Medical Officers inspected the hospital. No news and read and walked out the day.

18 Feb '42: Lt. Comdr. Tanaka came with Azuma to get list of staff and patient for transfer. Total number about ninety and all seemed satisfactory. Wouldn't say where but suspect Canacao. They want transcript of all cases including the thirty transferred on the twenty-eighth of January. Corpsmen glad to go for a change. Some patients worried. Warrant Officer Gooding reported drunk on Medical Alcohol. He will be on a transfer list. Handicapped here without aid of military provisions. Too little to do and too closely confined but no remedy. Corpsmen and a nurse getting infatuated, so the problems vary.

19 Feb '42: Lt. Comdr. Hatakamia here with Azuma to ask for additional data on draft. Various military are inspecting at intervals. They have instituted a patrol outside the walls. No reason evident but we hear nothing of outside conditions so don't over worry. They say a message has gone to the United States that all prisoners are receiving good care, but nothing special of our group. It's our greatest worry. Sent notice of Cheever's death to Surgeon Capt. Kawata today asking him to transfer it on to Adm. Hart. I doubt success.

1942 20 Feb '42: Several Japanese sea planes over head. First of that type seen. Sentry tough, requiring officers to uncover and bow shouting "Japanese Soldier". Too bad we have to suffer such indignities. City very quiet and one wonders if this is a lull before the storm. Finished reading "Flight Surgeon" by Rodgers and Halland. Very poor and reflects Halland's inability to write. Now reading "H.M. Pulham" by Marquand.

21 Feb '42: A fine day, but only good for sun baths for us. A sentry was treated for malaria and one had a tooth pulled but refuses any favor in return like getting any inspected oranges or bananas through the gate. Queer reactions but expected. Worst inconsistency was shutting off the laundry when wire was put up and refusing any laundry to be sent out. Washing hospital and personal laundry in a bath room. Fine scheme but no appeal. Military refuse to have an officer here so we are in the whims of twenty-three old sentries. Some very friendly and want to learn English while others are very mean and surly. This, the fifty-first of our internee, and we wonder how much more. All would be easy if we could only get them to broadcast a message home. Azuma and Tanaka got the list of patients this A.M., and said the transfer would be Monday at ten A.M. It will reduce us ninety-one food rations. Several sea and land planes in and out but otherwise quiet. Have no idea about the war. No papers and no other communication with outside. At least a convict knows when he will get out. Started sun baths today adding to reading and walking. Ken and I walk two hours back and forth by our rooms. A few mangoes have been gotten off the trees in the enclosure.

22 Feb '42: A fine Washington's Birthday by being threatened with severe punishment of shooting also the ward corpsmen and nurse in any ward where a patient escapes. The barber, a Filipino names Sorraldo, an arthritis case to be transferred with the patients tomorrow evidently got scared and eluded the guard so I reported it at once and they sent for a Lt. Motoi, a fierce looking brute who had to have things explained through a ten year old Japanese who spoke Tagalog and to me through Adorodor, one of our mess attendants. The Lieutenant stated that the next case escaping, each patient on either side of the empty bed would also be executed. When I asked for more sentries for the yard it was ignored and again I heard the full responsibility was mine, etc. I said if more food was available perhaps the prisoners wouldn't be escaping. As the Lieutenant softened a bit and prepared to leave, I asked for fruit to come through the gate and he at once assented, and was the first such privilege allowed so got eggs, oranges and bananas, being quite a change from being shot, but the above consumed two hours. About twenty planes overhead, landing in Manila about three P.M. Looks like some action in the offing. Great life with no information and living on conjectures. Finished reading "H.M. Pulman, Esquire" by Marquand. Two bed checks by sentries at eight-thirty and nine-thirty P.M., with more careful guarding during the night.

23 Feb '42: Breakfast at 0730 to get ready for the draft leaving at ten A.M. Azuma and Tanaka came at ten with a truck and a staff car in charge of a Lieutenant. They loaded twenty patients and baggage per load. Truck back in seventeen minutes, so they couldn't have gone more than a few blocks. Officers left in staff car, thus full respect was shown in the transfer. Some medical stores were taken by the Doctors Brokenshire, George, Lambert and Wanger, the dentist. The draft consisted of sixty-three patients, twenty-two corpsmen, and the four officers, or eighty-nine in all. I protested strongly to the Japanese medical officers about my treatment of yesterday, and hope they keep their promise to tell the Military how hospitals are run and that we should not be responsible for the duties of the sentries.

1942 Some fruit through the gate today. Lunch at noon and supper at five P.M., so our first day of three meals, but we go back on two meals a day tomorrow. Food holding well and now hope they will leave us alone for a while, but they spoke of getting half of our cooks and transferring the Nurses to Santo Tomas. The remaining personnel is now one hundred and ninety-five against the original three hundred and sixty plus a hundred and forty-three of Santa Scholastica personnel. This will help our dwindling food supplies. Good sun baths today. Ken's fifty-second birthday. Maybe we can get a message broadcast to the U.S. soon. They said we could, but we have learned to put no faith in promises.

24 Feb '42: As expected, the escape of Sorraldo has caused the guards to tighten up and lights have been placed about the buildings and grounds and all flood-lighted until some planes were heard flying over at 3:30 A.M., then all were suddenly turned out. Must have been American planes. Would like to see some as it appears to us none are in the islands. Only Japanese planes have been seen since Cavite and Sangley Point were destroyed unopposed. No visitors today and sentries very friendly and allowing fruit through the gate. One sentry through signs said "War very bad, Japanese and American soldiers should shake hands and be brothers". Some distant bombing today caused a sentry to cover his face and shake his head. An hour of sun bathing today. Back to two meals. Weigh exactly one hundred and ninety lbs today.

25 Feb '42: Quiet night and day. Only two Japanese planes seen. Japanese secret service in to investigate the escape of the barber last Sunday. Got a description and wanted a picture which we don't have. Seemed satisfied that we had reported it promptly to Japanese authorities. Plenty of fruit and eggs through the gate today even with a changed guard. Also got a dozen chickens and will hold up a full meal Sunday out of the welfare fund. The Japs haven't spent a cent on us yet and hope they don't break up the hospital we have left as we may be able to lend a hand if the tide turns soon. Getting hot but a good breeze today. Hope for a change of routine ere long.

26 Feb '42: All quiet. One plane went over at high altitude during the night. New guard refuses food through the gate. Still under whims of sentries. Military officer inspected at noon. No English spoken but very polite and thus the day passed with only hopeful conjectures. Wonder what President Roosevelt said in his speech two days ago. All radios on short wave taken up in the city. Evidently news not to be heard by the natives who are being educated to the "New Order in East Asia." Some acts not very convincing.

27 Feb '42: All quiet today, but many Japanese troops and equipment with cavalry went south on Taft Ave. No visitors. Hope they let us alone and don't break up what we have left. Reading the "Oregon Trail", sun bathing and walking make up the day. Tomorrow is the last of February and fifty-eight days under guard. Marked friendliness of guards. May be a reason, anyway we conjecture.

28 Feb '42: Many Military Japanese planes in and out to the north. Looks like some activity in Pampanga. Committee of Red Cross, Filipinos called with Dr. Ishimota, of the Japanese Army and Dr. LaRosa, a Filipino civilian, and left some candy and cigarettes for "Prisoners of War". Wonder if a reflection from Geneva. Azuma and Tanaka called to check up on the number of patients. Asked if the nurses wanted to go to Santo Tomas. I said No, and they said OK, but the Army may say differently. Clear day, good breeze and reading the Prisoner of Zenda.

1942

MAR

1 Mar '42: Thirty years service at midnight last night. Can't quite retire at this stage on thirty years. Blackouts each night by Japanese sentries, especially marked around the officers and nurses quarters. Consistency questioned when parts of the hospital and grounds are not effected. Japanese Army Lieutenant here today saying our wire fence sagged and not high enough and told us to add more wire and posts, seemed surprised when we asked where the material was to come from. Doubt if we hear any more about it. Few planes over today.

2 Mar '42: We feel our conjectures have merit. Scattering planes in and out. Promised a paper today by Officer of the Guard, but it didn't materialize. Azuma in and asked for all nurses to go to Santo Tomas where they are needed. Asked to keep one half. Yet to be decided. Also wants two or three doctors and twenty-two corpsmen to be transferred to Brokenshire as much work there he says. Will know more in a few days. Hope we can keep a nucleus of a hospital here as feel it will be needed soon. They also looked over our remaining medical supplies. Thank goodness they have left our food supply alone so far. We are doing better with fruit, we can now buy at intervals through the gate. So far the Japanese haven't spent a centavo on us. Now have sixty-five patients of our original one hundred and thirty. An evening and morning check of personnel with report signed by me to the sentry at eight P.M. and seven thirty A.M. Sentries accompany the Officer of the Day on muster and usually come into my room to see the report signed. Some grin and say OK and good night.

3 Mar '42: Full moon last night but all quiet. Waves of Japanese planes in over the city from the south at ten thirty this A.M. Counted sixty-four in all. Two twin-engine bombers and rest pursuit bombers. After flying north for ten minutes they all returned and in some confusion landed at Murphy, Neilson and Nichols fields. Must be something doing around abouts but we can only conjecture and wonder. New guard with no food allowed through the gate but they may loosen up. We bought five bags of rice today as all of our potatoes are gone. Rice cost sixty pesos of our dwindling funds.

4 Mar '42: No action last night and only a few patrol planes about today. Azuma called for Medical Supply inventory and list of recovered patients. Older guard on today and at first denied food through the gate, but rescinded the order later when we got Azuma to explain. Lt. Kano of the Japanese Intelligence Service called and was very glad to see him as he speaks perfect English and was the one who called on January fifth and advised I write the first letter that has been used with many copies and explains who we were from the first. He is in charge of the Radio Broadcasting Service and will call for me tomorrow at three to go to the studio. What a thrill to get out of the gate and see some of the city. Lyle and Ken can go with me. Also all the personnel can submit messages for the air. Do hope they get through. Dr. Lambert came from the concentration camp at Pasay Elementary School with a patient for X-Ray of an injured arm from boxing. Says they get three meals of rice and vegetables, sleep on mattress on the floor, and salute the Japanese flag each morning. Recovered patients have their head shaved and are sent out daily on working parties in the city. Will collect messages from personnel here and take to the studio with us tomorrow.

1942

5 Mar '42: A red letter day as out for an hour to KZRH broadcasting studio with Lyle and Ken. Lt. Kano and Lt. Comdr. Tanaka came at four with two cars and drove us via Sternberg as we had heard it was burned out but no, it is a Japanese Hospital. However the annex Estado Mayor was entirely burned to the ground. And that was the fire trap that I had requested our patients be removed from as we were settling in the Philippine Union College shortly after the bombing of Cavite. Thro' Estolta where most of the shops were open but Carramatas were like those of twenty-five years ago. Very few cars. After a rehearsal was made, a record was recorded and it was repeated back in perfect clearness. They said the record would be flown to Tokyo and would be broadcast to the United States in a few days. Do hope it gets through to tell all that we are well. Brandy and soda served at the studio and it was a perfect party ^{which} after we returned to the hospital. First time out in sixty-three days. City very little disturbed except along the Pasig River. No news today and only a few patrol planes up. Maps out by the Japanese show the entire Far East in Japanese hands, including Australia. Wonder who believe it. We feel an offensive is due soon in this area so we shall see what we shall see. The Broadcast recorded today is as follows: It was in the tone pleasing to the Japanese propaganda for the purpose of insuring its being put on the air.

Captain

BROADCAST

ON
THE
AIR

"This is Robert G. Davis, Medical Corps, United States Navy, Commanding Officer of the Canacao Naval Hospital and Medical Supply Depot, speaking from Manila and whose home address is 837 Haskell Avenue, Rockford, Illinois. I desire to inform all our relatives and friends that we are all well and receiving courteous treatment from the Japanese Authorities. After the destruction of the Cavite Navy Yard on December tenth and the expected bombing of the Sangley Point areas the hospital was moved to the Philippine Union College in Balintawak, a suburb of Manila. On December twenty-sixth the hospital was again moved to Santa Scholastica College where more spacious accommodations were available upon the evacuation of the Army Medical Department.

"During our residence at Santa Scholastica to the present time all Navy patients have been well cared for and the Japanese Military authorities have made frequent calls to inspect and cooperate in accordance with provisions of the International Treaty of Geneva. It is noteworthy that during the bombing of Cavite the hospital was spared through the prominent display of the Red Cross emblem. We have had adequate food and all patients have made rapid improvement and many have reached full recovery. The Santa Scholastica buildings have afforded us comfortable wards and living accommodations and the grounds sufficiently spacious for recreation such as croquet, volley-ball, basket-ball, etc.

"Our chief worry during our period of internment has been the absence of mail and the inability to communicate our welfare with relatives at home, therefore, I sincerely appreciate this afforded opportunity of speaking direct to the United States and hope that those hearing this broadcast will inform our relatives who may not be listening in. I again wish to express our thanks to the Japanese Military Authorities for their efficient and courteous care of this Command and add, with my personal greetings, those of the Executive Officer, Captain Roberts, and Chiefs of the Surgical, Medical and Nursing Services, Captain Lowman, Commander Sartin and Chief Nurse, Miss Cobb. This is Captain Robert G. Davis, Medical Corps U.S. Navy, speaking from Manila. Best wishes and Greetings to all."

1942 6 Mar '42: No activity today. Azuma and Tanaka brought Wells back from the Philippine General Hospital where he has been for two months for X-ray treatment for epithelioma of the lip. He reports good care and fair food. Azuma said Surgeon Capt. Wawata had noticed I omitted mentioning the Navy in my broadcast. Explained that I included them in my mention of the Military and hadn't used the word Army. They said they wanted more broadcasts later so guess they liked it. Only hope they get through to the United States. No planned disturbance of more personnel for the present. Finished reading "Rupert of Hentzau" sequel to "Prisoner of Zenda".

7 Mar '42: All quiet today but Azuma and Tanaka came and said the Army had ordered all nurses to be transferred to Santo Tomas at two P.M. tomorrow as need was greater there than here due to a lot of GU and Obstetrical cases. Asked to keep chief nurse, Miss Laura Cobb as supervisor here and will be informed by ten tomorrow. After expecting to be let alone for a while this surprise comes but we can get along. They said 30,000 rounds of machine gun bullets had been unearthed at Canacao so explained they were not put there by the medical personnel but that the Military forces had occupied the grounds after we left. Their evacuation must have been rapid. We spend our days watching the Sisters' newly made garden grow and the rapid leafing out of the mahogany trees almost the day after the old leaves have fallen. Our wire fence has been renewed so now we have eight strands and seven feet high. No concern to us.

8 Mar '42: Three months ago today since the war began, seems a year. Several Military Committees here today looking over security. We must be important. No activity to help any conjectures. The twelve nurses left as scheduled after the usual examination of their personal effects. Miss Cobb was not permitted to remain, but she chose to go anyway. Our total number is now one hundred-eighty three from our original three hundred and thirty. Wonder when the rest of us will be transferred and where. Always a feeling of uncertainty day to day.

9 Mar '42: A long and blue Monday with no reports, news or conjectures. Local paper says N.E.I. wants to surrender and the news as always when we see a paper indicates through their propaganda that the war is about over if the Americans would surrender. It would be a joy to see an American plane. Haven't seen a single one around here. Scattering Japanese planes in and out. Reading "Captain Paul" by Ellsberg. Oh for some news. Japanese took the rest of our medical stores in seven loads. Took the new Iron lung that cost twelve hundred dollars just before the war. They can't use it so it seems a real act of plunder, but that's that. We have enough supplies to last a month, and after that what? They want sugar but we got them to let our food alone for the present. Maybe we should start feasting on three meals per day. It's tough to be behind the eight ball.

10 Mar '42: Lt. Yoshida, Southern Manila Defense Officer, spent the morning inspecting twenty-seven pieces of baggage left here by Medical Officers who are on detached duty. He took several cameras, some film, swords, etc. Later in the day he brought most of it back. No accounting for some things. No news of air activity. Thus we wait.

11 Mar '42: Comdr. Tsurumi, in charge of Santo Tomas with Dr. Leach and Mr. Wolfe of the Red Cross who are internees there came here this AM, looking for space for two or three hundred patients from Santo Tomas that need hospitalization, both men and women. Space enough and we would be glad to have some work if they can get some beds, medical supplies and food. Also arrange for laundry. It would insure our security here as we have felt since our nurses left that they planned to move all of

1942 us sooner or later. They say we are too comfortable and etc. No need for nurses at Santo Tomas and they would come back with the patients. No telling from day to day what the Oriental mind plans. Plan will surprise both the Military and the Navy and no telling the decision. Doubt if it materializes but hope so. No conjectures today so we wait. Was glad to see the swords and cameras come back last even by Lt. Otany. Guards are very suspicious that we are getting food from the Sisters. They have been increased in number and last night were searching the trees with searchlights. Wonder what for. The fence now has eight strands of wire and the guards are older men and very alert but courteous. Bought chickens through the gate for dinner tonight but two meals were demanded by the guards so our one at a cost of sixty pesos. It's a strange feeling to live from day to day with the outside world cut off and uncertain what to expect. Now have sixty three patients with eighty corpsmen. Japanese speak of removing the overhead but here no cost to the Japanese.

12 Mar '42: Nothing of interest today. Our seventieth day under the bayonet. Azuma and Tanaka called asking for a list of remaining patients, Rate and diagnosis by groups also intelligence outline of each one as to education, length of service etc. Said I should have one ^{also} so the Military would give deference accorded in the future etc. Whatever that means, who knows? More evidence of an honorable code than formerly, particularly in the returning of the officers' swords a few days ago. Finished reading "Captain Paul" by Ellsberg, an excellent story of John Paul Jones. Also finished "Oregon Trail".

13 Mar '42: Quiet day. Some machine hunning nearby last evening. No planes heard. Hours long. Real lull.

14 Mar '42: No change in routine, Padre Suitbert of the church, watering the garden near by my sunbath etc. He signalled that he had no news to give us. Finished "O Pioneer" by Cather. Started the "Crises" by Churchill. Got peanuts and bananas today. Cabbage for salad. These of course purchased through the gate with our funds.

15 Mar '42: Ides of March and quiet until evening when heavy gun fire was heard toward Corregidor for half an hour. Azuma and Tanaka came for classification lists of patients and Staff. No word of my broadcast of the fifth going through. Do hope it reached the States via Tokyo. No decision yet about Santo Tomas Patients, doubt if they ever decide as it will require food, beds, and laundry, also Nurses returning. Feel as if we might see some action ere long. Guards throwing food on lobby floor about their table. Mahogany trees are leafed and the Sisters are using their new garden vegetables planted a month ago. The usual evening singing by the Sisters in the growing gardens. They sing walking about, one half hour each Sunday evening accompanied by a violin. Their singing is remarkable and most pleasant for all of us, of the other side of the wire fence.

16 Mar '42: A blank day with the usual camp routine.

17 Mar '42: St. Patrick's Day and the 99th day of the war. Nothing to report except six planes going south at noon, very high altitude. Unable to distinguish nationality. Many conjectures for part time.

18 Mar '42: 100th day and much warmer. A problem to get out of Khaki with no laundry facilities. Finished reading "Emperor Brims" by Sass. An Indian Carolina story. Nothing of interest today. Lowman versus Cross regarding loyalty.

1942 19 Mar '42: Some activity last night north and south. Searchlights in Bataan, Corregidor and around Cavite and many flashed in San Fernando Valley. Plane activity that way this evening and fewer returned. Azuma and Tanaka here today to check patients from lists given last Sunday. No information and nothing on Santo Tomas Patients. Do hope my broadcast went through but no information regarding same. Maybe we won't be here long. Who knows. Finished Mary Roberts Rinehart's "Miss Pinkerton".

20 Mar '42: Few flashes north of the city and Bataan last evening. Few planes north this A.M. One at very high altitude. Call this PM from three Army Medical Officers to inspect the hospital. Suspect regarding Santo Tomas Patients but as usual no information given. Named Lt. Hasegawa, Maj. Sekiguchi and Capt. Omori. Said we would be astonished at Japanese successes and America was the sole cause of the war as Japan did everything possible to avoid it etc. Thought of several retorts but not diplomatic at this time so looked astonished.

21 Mar '42: Surprise visit from Azuma and Tanaka which explained the check of patients two days ago. Army, they said, ordered thirty-six patients and two Doctors and eleven corpsmen with a dentist to be moved at 2 PM on the twenty-third. Takes all the well officers and our mess attendants which we will greatly miss. I asked if they were going to close out this place and move us all and they said No. "You remaining will be here as long as you are here" Very clear. They said Santo Tomas patients were not yet decided upon but one of the guards said they would come in a few days so maybe they are clearing beds for them. It will produce problems for us, but it will insure us some security here, maybe. They said they didn't know where our patients, making a draft of fifty, were to go, yet they said all was in readiness and no medical supplies would be needed. A sample of our lack of information. Will send Erickson, Kline and Smith.

22 Mar '42: Arrived in Manila six months ago today and what a period it has been. Our 80th day as internees and a long time. How much longer we wonder. Aside from frequent annoyances and daily uncertainty we have fared fairly well. Heavy bombing south last evening but we see no encouragement in plane activity. Wonder if any American planes are in Luzon. Long hours of almost despair at times. Tanks rolling south on Taft Avenue today. Paper says Admiral Rockwell is in Australia with General McArthur. Think I am the oldest in years of all the Navy in the Islands. We pray for a change in situation soon. Greatest worry is the inability to get a message home. Manila is frozen throughout. Finished reading "The Cobra Candle Stick" by Barker.

23 Mar '42: The draft left at 4 PM after a thorough inspection. We expected the hour at four PM, but word was sent that it would be three. But we didn't get it so all personnel waited for one hour and forty-five minutes. New orders to us now require each officer to wear a small Japanese character over right shirt pocket to show us as officers. They say our collar devices are too difficult etc. also we now line up at eight AM for muster. Some sad goodbyes from the Filipinos and Officers as they left. Total draft fifty, now leaving us twenty-four patients and reducing our total from 183 to 133. Paper this AM says Quezon has died in Iloilo from pulmonary hemorrhage. Doubt it. Little air activity today so no ideas of the progress of the war. Expect we may be here another six weeks but we may be moved any day so inaccurate is our information.

24 Mar '42: Practically a blank day. Very high flying planes passed over to the South. All Japanese at Neilson Field immediately took off and soon returned.

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25 Mar '42: Several sections of Japanese planes took off toward Bataan in the morning. Azuma and Tanaka here this PM and asked for transcripts on remaining patients and an inventory of property not belonging to the school. I asked the direct question if we were to be moved in toto and when. They said "The American Staff would remain here as long as possible, which looks like we would receive patients from Santo Tomas." I asked when and they said "Not yet decided," so we continue along guessing. Another squadron of very high flying planes over to the south. Not visible and looks to be American planes.

26 Mar '42: Finished "Tory Oath" by Pridgen. Committee of the Sisters accompanied by a guard came this morning to assist in the inventory of property belonging to them, but the guards waved them away. Azuma called this evening to say a misunderstanding, so sorry and ect. But only an example of not informing the guards properly in advance. We have a larger and more efficient guard now with smaller personnel present. Hard to get the reasoning, but all the same to us. The inventory will start tomorrow. Several groups of very high flying planes over today. Corregidor is receiving heavy day and night bombing and it seems to be an all-out to capture it and Bataan. The bombers all come from Nichols Field heavily loaded with bombs and pass low over our hospital roof under no opposition, proceeding to their objective. We note that it is just eleven minutes from the time they pass over us until we can see the bombs exploding on Corregidor. A long day with no news or other communications. Oh, for some mail and a message from home. Or a message to home. Reading Twain's "Innocents Abroad", Readers Digest, three years old, and a year old Saturday Evening Post make up lighter reading. Eighty-four days in one enclosure is a long time and how much more no one knows, but we are comfortable and food is holding out. Spend five-hundred pesos per month for eggs, chickens and fruit. The Japanese haven't inquired or offered us a centavo worth of food, but our welfare fund saves the day.

27 Mar '42: The Sisters started their inventory. Lambert called with an interpreter to ask for needed supplies. Conditions not so good in their camp. Sleeping on the floor, some without mattresses. Can't give away any of our supplies without the permission of the Japanese Navy, but will acquaint them with the facts when they call. More bombing on Corregidor. One of the sentries thinks the war will last ten years, as it will be hard to finish up with Hawaii, etc. I said I was afraid to be on the grounds after dark and he said, "Do not be afraid, as the enemy is not near". Who is the enemy? In a few weeks we may know. Read "Murder of Cecily Thane," by Ashbrook today. Started "Bleakhouse" by Dickens.

28 Mar '42: Repeated bombing of Corregidor. This is becoming a daily and almost constant procedure.

29 Mar '42: Palm Sunday and some activity toward Corregidor and Bataan. Getting warm, temperature 90 today. Dread any separation from electric fan, as the room is very warm through the day and night. Thankful for a bed and fair food. Will never object again to canned milk, and it is good with half water. Butter is missed the most. Breakfast today consisted of baked beans and omelette. May get some chickens next week with the welfare fund. Would like some ice cream, but none is available. Have peanuts and bananas in the room, which I was able to purchase through the gate.

30 Mar '42: Sailed from Frisco seven months ago today, and it seems like seven years. What does the next seven months offer? Usual bombing activity toward Bataan today. Rumors, half truths. Conjectures, insecurities with no communication with the world makes up a bizarre experience. Thankful for health, bed and food.

1942 31 Mar '42: End of the third month, 89 days under the bayonet. Less air activity today and not so much bombing aspects. Read "West of Barter River" by Case. Fantastic Alaska story. Finished "Their Own Country", by Hobart. Excellent Midwestern story. Read "The Enemy Sighted", by Hudson. Mahaogany trees all leafed out and the Sisters' garden of Pechi being gathered. Corn is sickly in the heat.

APR 1 Apr '42: Just another day, the 90th. Temperature 97.

2 Apr '42: No change, full moon last night. Inventory finished. Reading Mary Roberts Rinehart's "The Album".

3 Apr '42: Several nine-plane formations about 20,000 feet pouring in on Bataan and Corregidor areas. We have not seen one bit of offensive from American forces since war began. With no news or radio it's a hard estimate, so we wait and wonder. No messenger for the property inventory yet. Finished "The Album".

4 Apr '42: Not so much concentrated bombing activity toward Bataan today. Azuma and Tanaka called for some supplies for Pasay School camp and said they would investigate Lambert's report of no care for our transferred patients. Arthrities sleeping on the floor and no diets for the diabetics, etc. No word of our moving, so hope it's a closed incident for the present. Any move will be down hill.

5 Apr '42: A strange Easter Sunday and homesickness magnified. Special dinner arranged today at five PM, with fried chicken and ice cream special order through the welfare fund. Our first ice cream. Very warm. Good Easter sermon by Chaplain Brewster. Very little flying today, but formation bombers started something toward Bataan at four PM. Wonder when conditions will change. It's been a long time here, 94 days. Reading "Arrowsmith" after many years. Finished "The Mystery of the Purple Onion," by Ashbrook, not very heavy, but a diversion these days. It would be easier if I only knew my broadcast of March 5th got through. An exchange of messages home would ease things for all of us but war does not disclose anything to us but Japanese victories through an occasional local paper, and scurrilous things about the Americans.

6 Apr '42: The Japanese Pharm. Hamota called to say that tomorrow they would come for a part of the property inventoried starting with the dental unit, X-ray and laboratory, also surgery. I protested the things that would wreck us so they said a part of each would be left for the present. Another case of harassing, but thus it goes and poor old Camacao is about all gone. We asked for a conference with Azuma and Tanaka, but doubt their response. Dull and uneventful day.

7 Apr '42: Phar. Hamota with two trucks arrived at nine AM to haul away our property. No response from medical officers as expected, so they loaded equipment from the store room. Part of surgery and the laboratory. Got my teeth looked over before losing the dental unit and cleaning; five were filled, so now can carry on for a while away from a dental unit. Great life, but hope we can be left here. Finished reading "Arrowsmith", by Lewis.

8 Apr '42: Active bombing over Bataan. Not all planes return. High flying over Manila at two AM, but no action heard. Feel good news is in the offing, but we can only conjecture and wait. Evening muster changed from 7PM instead of 8 PM. We all muster in the lobby each AM at 8 and each officer wears a chop mark on shirt to distinguish us to the guards. Few who speak a little English say they are very homesick. Temperature around 95 to 98 as we approach the hot season. Rainy season

1942 starts about June first. Sisters are replanting their garden in harvested Pechi beds. Passing Filipinos display Victory signs with their fingers.

9 Apr '42: Wakened at one AM with a heavy earthquake lasting nearly a minute. Thought it was bombing or heavy gun fire. Tremors again at two AM and four AM, nine AM and two PM. Active firing at Corregidor all last night. High bombing over Bataan today. Finished reading "The Harvester" by Porter.

10 Apr '42: Ominous news this AM. They say Bataan has fallen and little wonder from the pounding it has been taking with no apparent opposition. Can it be possible that Corregidor must also be taken with no help? All we see is a one-sided conflict but more is under way down Australia way. What is the future of the Philippines, and where do we go from here?

11 Apr '42: Our 100th day under guard. What does the next 100 days hold for us? Little air activity now and the hours are long with no certain news. Four months now with no certain news. Four months now without mail or any information, so the days pass in the same monotonous routine. Read "Countess to Boot" by Iams. An amusing story.

12 Apr '42: Surprise bombing of Nichols Field at 10:00 this morning. Six bombs dropped in rapid succession, but the planes too high to see. Hangars set afire. High patrolling this PM over Nielson Field, but no action; but American planes must be near and disturbing to Japanese. Mass Japanese bombing on Corregidor this AM. Finished reading the "Handshake Root" by Marie Ostenso. Excellent story of the Midwest. Started "Releigh's Eden".

13 Apr '42: Sporadic Japanese flying. They say Bataan has fallen, yet terrific bombing was noted last night toward Olongapo. Guards over cautious that we don't get any news.

14 Apr '42: Few planes out today. We continue to wait and wonder. Usual routine of walking and reading. Temperature around 97 each day. Not as hot as Pensacola. Sun baths one hour each day, and am obtaining a good tan.

15 Apr '42: Temperature 98, no air activity, and little interest in this sector. Finished reading "Releigh's Eden" by Fletcher. Excellent Carolina Revolution story.

16 Apr '42: No activity today. Temperature 99 so the hot season is on. Finished "The Crossing" by Churchill. Haven't had a visit from the Japanese Navy for two weeks. Guess they have milked us dry and I hope we are not moved. Food is holding out with economy of two meals per day and spending 500 pesos per month from the welfare and personal purchases through the gate each morning. Nothing doing here.

17 Apr '42: Nothing doing here except the temperature going up to 101.5. Cooler last night. Finished "Hot without Peril" by Marguerite Allis. An early history of Vermont.

18 Apr '42: Quiet day. Very little plane activity. Corporal at the evening muster was irritated over officers and slapped Dr. Morgan because he didn't have his shirt on. Although we had been informed by Lt. Yoshida that evening muster could be informal. Another instance of our being under the whim of an enlisted sentry. He came storming through our quarters at nine PM saying we had to have our lights out, etc.

1942 19 Apr '42: Corporal cooled off this AM and is very courteous. Axe fell when Azuma and Tanaka came at nine and said this place was to be closed and we were to be moved the twenty-fourth, but we could take all of our personal belongings. Refused to say where we were to go, but it would be in a suburb of Manila. Will go as the present unit and may be we will get some additional patients. They say they have fifty-thousand prisoners in Bataan. Wonder if Manila is to be made an open city to save Tokyo. Packing all day and property will be taken by Japanese tomorrow. Hate to lose Scholastica comforts. Sent Poussa (the Cat) across to a nice native family where she will be wared for. This family living just across the street name is Aquino and has been very kind to us, signalling us news when opportunity offerded and occasionally sending us in some special food. Oh hum! what next? Corregidor has been heavily bombed today so what does it all mean. Local paper says Hull, Stimson and Knox are to leave the Cabinet.

20 Apr '42: Azuma and Tanaka called to see that all was ready to transfer the rest of the property and see if we had any questions. Got permission to take one refrigerator and some biologicals. They say they have 60,000 prisoners in Bataan, but Corregidor is still holding. No news where we are going, but it's a relief to be able to take our effects, beds, etc., so we will have some comforts.

21 Apr '42: Japanese hauling away final dregs of Canacao. We are about packed up for the twenty-fourth. Three meals today and will take ten days supply of food and drugs to last until the Japanese army gets us organized. We pass from the Navy jurisdiction after moving.

22 Apr '42: Packing continued for moving and Japanese hauling away remaining property. Finished reading "Queed" by Harrison. Quite good after many years.

23 Apr '42: Azuma and Tanaka here saying part of us go tomorrow and the rest in a few days. Guess they want a party to get the place ready. Will send half of Medical Officers, fifty corpsmen, cooks and etc, making 72 in all. No word of where we are going but to be an independent unit as an out patient department. Will not receive patients, but will go around to visit the sick. An out patient idea. Don't think we will go to Pasay, but maybe out Rizal Extension. Each day a surprise. It would be grand to see a speck of mail after four and a half months. A message from home would do, but it is not to be in war time. Draft will be inspected at nine tomorrow and leave at one PM.

24 Apr '42: Full AM of baggage inspection by Japanese Navy officers, also inspecting their rooms. Confiscated flash lights, binoculars, batteries, helmets and gas masks. Cigarettes were excluded in excess of 500 and 100 cigars. Departure of draft of 72 began at one PM. Officers allowed to take beds, but thick mattresses refused as they appeared better than the Japanese used so was able to compromise with the thin mattresses. All chairs left and only sugar and flour allowed out of the ten days rations. Golf clubs might be used as weapons so all were taken to the Manila Sanitarium where the Japanese say they have established a Naval Hospital, and may be returned after the war. We are moving to the Pasay Elementary School, formerly used by our recovered patients. We hear they have been moved to Bilibid and we will have the school as a hospital center. The rest of us will be transferred in a few days, and while not as comfortable as here hope to be fairly well off. Electric fans not allowed, but such is war.

1942 25 Apr '42: No action today. A Major called looking over electrical outlets and discussing his opinion of Americans for bombing hospital ships, etc. Lonesome without draft that left yesterday. Told to get ready all property we do not need before our transfer.

26 Apr '42: Busy piling food and other material in lobby. Japanese came at ten and began loading. Told us to keep ten days food, but we expect them sooner. Hard to know why we are left a few days after knowing or expecting to join the rest at Pasay. This is a quiet war sector these days. Here at Scholastica, four months today, and our 115 days under guard. Finished reading "Cabbages and Kings" by O Henry, forty-fifth book here. All thick mattresses gone and slept on thin one last night.

27-30 Apr '42: Just waiting, no word on moving as any move will be bad. Finished "Walking the Whirlwind" by Bridget Knight and "This Above All" by Eric Knight. Yesterday was the Emperor's birthday, and all Manila including the calesas were decorated with the Japanese flag. Sailed from San Francisco eight months ago today.

MAY 1-4 May '42: No action regarding our move with no one calling. Will have to ask for food soon as they hauled all away except for ten days supply. Not once have they ever asked us how our food was holding out or if we needed anything. It's been all out and nothing in so far. Good thing we left medical stores at Balintawak the last few days and concentrated on hauling in food. Some few very high flying planes seen today. Corregidor still stands. Visitors allowed today at front gate.

6 May '42: No change. Poor old Corregidor is surely getting it.

7 May '42: Corregidor falls. My feelings to a new low. We are informed today that we move to Pasay on the 9th except the eight tubercular patients who stay here a week with Dr. Silliphant, Pfeiffer, two cooks and three corpsmen and after the patients go to a civilian hospital the rest of the personnel will join us. So they say. Miss Adams and Padre Daugherty transferred to Santo Tomas. Wonder where the ten thousand from Corregidor will be quartered.

8 May '42: Inspection of all baggage by the Japanese Warrant Officers who could not speak English. Concentrated on all of my golf balls, tees and golf sticks. Those of others not taken except clubs.

PASAY 9 May '42: Moved to Pasay Elementary School, known as the Japanese Accommodating Place. Over three hundred present with one hundred sick with Malaria, Dengue and Beri Beri. Quite a skid from Scholastica with open kitchen, two toilets and one shower. Corpsmen doing the cooking over pits in the ground. Same food three times per day, namely soup and rice. Very bad if couldn't get other food purchased from the outside. All sleeping on the floor, but captains were allowed beds for the present. Weird crowd with beards, etc.

11 May '42: Second day in Pasay and got fine sleep last night. Lights out at nine PM, but very noisy and hot, but have a fan so far. Lyle and Ken also allowed to bring their fans, but they were taken away yesterday as they said only one fan in a room could be allowed. We brought over an ice box to save biologicals but the guards took it for their rooms so we buried the vaccines in the ground to somewhat

1942 reduce the temperature. Very limited drugs and 126 sick, 76 on the convalescent list. Many prisoners here from Bataan mostly Filipinos sick with Malaria, dengue and Beri Beri. No beds, so all patients are on the floor in school rooms. We expect to lose our beds as they are the subject of a great deal of talk, that is the ones allowed we Captains. We must not be too comfortable. Food is only rice and soup served three times a day, but at present we can buy through a Japanese from the open market. The camp now has over three hundred in space for two hundred, in eighteen school rooms. Open pit galley in yard must be elevated and covered before the rainy season starts in June, but rumor says today that we will be moved. Schools start June first so with the two reasons we expect to move and maybe to Fort McKinley as a large working party is there now cleaning up the place for someone. We "medical" are not exempt from the status of war prisoners, but are respected somewhat. All of our rooms have the following rules:

"PROVISIONS OBSERVED BY THE PRISONERS"

1. Prisoners are strictly requested to be obedient and quiet under the instructions of the guards and officials concerned.
2. Be as punctual as the clock. No entrance or exits to any other place than the appointed one.
3. All communication with the outside whatever the means shall be prohibited strictly. Reading books and magazines, etc. shall be prohibited until the special permission will be given.
4. The head of the room must be responsible for keeping the room clean and in good order and for taking the precautions against fire.
5. The head of the room immediately report the guards to that effect when he finds something amiss with members of the room, and in such a case he cannot shirk his responsibility upon it.
6. If there any patient among you report him at once to the official concern to the head of the room.
7. Smoking shall be permitted only at the place furnished with ash pans.
8. Any arrangement in and outside of this prisoners quarters shall never be changed unless special orders or permission to be given from the Nippon Army.

Any offender of the said provisions shall be punished severely according to the provisions of Martial Law.

Rules of the Camp

1. Obey the orders of the Imperial Japanese Army.
2. Do not try to escape from this place.
3. Be gentle and work hard.
4. Never dispute with each other.
5. Never try to rob anything from each other.

The captured men should be always thankful for the great mercy of the Emperor of Japan and obey strictly the above articles. Signed/

THIS HEAD MASTER OF THE JAPANESE ACCOMODATION PLACE

1942

12 May '42: Getting some what used to the camp routine but a far cry from any convenience. All muster at 7 AM, 1 PM and 7 PM. All squads count off in Japanese. Each prisoner is required to be able to count to one hundred in Japanese. From one to ten is as follows, Ichi, ni, san, si, go, ro, shi, cichi, hachi, ku, ju. Eleven is ju ichi etc and twenty is ni ju and twenty one is ni ju ichi etc. I have been informed by Capt. Kusomoto the commanding officer of this area that I will be the medical director and have charge of all the medicine in this camp. Capt. Alejandro, a Filipino, will be the director of the camp. All communication with the Japanese must be through the camp commander Capt. Alejandro. They don't want any of our food showing in our rooms during inspections although they know and approve of us having it. At first all had to line up with the men and receive the rice and food in the yard and eat it off school desks in the hot sun, but now they allow it to be eaten on the verandas or rooms. We have two of our messmen serve us in our mess which we supplant with our market purchases. Only bread we have is through crackers we can buy. No toilet paper unless we have a private roll but we supply men from some we brought from Scholastica. A far cry from the common conveniences we have at home. We must not be too comfortable etc. We hear Germany has folded up so what does it mean for us. A lot we hope.

13 May '42: Guess Germany is still in the war but they say the Germans in Africa have surrendered. A day in camp- Up at 0630. Roll call or Bango as they call it at 0700, breakfast of rice and gravy, morning clean up and try to read on the narrow veranda while the boys clean up the room. Cess pool at immediate rear very odorous while it is being dipped and drained away in an open ditch. Crowds pass the door all the time and never free of offensive conversation. The open compound comprises about one fourth acre containing clothes lines, open kitchen, garbage pit etc. No grass. One open shower and spigot. Water for the entire camp supplied by a one-half inch line and when water is being drawn or baths taken water has to be turned off of the two toilets. There are ten in our room and one tin basin for washing the hands and face, also for shaving. The room contains Wilterdink, Lyle, Ken, Joses, Shaw, Baltzly, Connel, Welch, Sartin and myself. Allowed to keep my fan and in open use all day and for Wilterdink and my beds at night. Expect to lose it and hide it at all food and inspection times which have no regular hours. Soup and rice at noon and Bango at 1300. Rest on bed awhile and to soft ball game at three in adjacent lot. At four read an hour and soup and rice again at five PM. We would suffer if we didn't have canned meat, eggs, and occasional mango and bananas. Coffee in the early AM. All water carried and at present cold water from the guards in my bottle. Lights out at nine and after a bath in open shower I go to bed, but unable to sleep on account of noise of conversations and the heat. It's over 100 degrees each day and will welcome the rain about June 1st. Kitchen will have to be raised when rains come but they say we will be moved elsewhere. Bad as it has been we hate to move, it will of course be down hill. South side of compound contains the staff and corpsmen and all patients on the north side. Badly need proteins for patients but the Japs only supply rice and soup. We try to help from our mess. Effortful, but no help. Wonder where the prisoners from Bataan and Corregidor are? get some consideration in the hospital unit but Corpsmen go out on daily work parties which is against treaty rules etc.

14-15 May '42: Same routine but water schedule changed to allow toilet flushing until ten AM. Then bathing and laundry begins with Patients and Hospital alternation but officers can bathe daily. Able to get walks in adjacent area for we four Captains after 7 PM bango and 'tis a great relief to get one half hour from the noise and crowding. The Japs say this place can accommodate 1000. No beds allowed except for wounded patients, tubercular, and senior officers. How we miss some of the comforts of home.

1942

16 May '42: Here a week today. Keeping well so far but tedious living and hope it won't last long. With no news it's hard even to conjecture but here we are well off compared to other camps.

17 May '42: No change, very hot. Capt. Kusimota inspected at three PM and said we were not considered as prisoners of war and he appreciated the volunteer corpsmen working parties helping prepare for the large numbers of prisoners of war coming in from Corregidor. Asked that no cards, fans or food be in evidence during inspections. Six Filipinos stole the soup stock and got slapped around.

18 May '42: Filipino prisoner escaped last night and all privileges removed. Guards tough and won't allow any more cold drinking water or ball games. Hottest day so far, over one hundred degrees an hour after sunrise. Had to remove my reading light. No comforts at all can be allowed. Queer psychology. Expect to lose my bed and fan any minute. Food never varies from rice and soup and 'twould be hard if we didn't have some canned beef and sardines on the side. Hope for some fruit soon. Strange feeling to be worried over food. No telling how long this prison life will last. Absolutely no privacy or freedom from incessant noise and offensive conversation.

19 May '42: Still without any privileges and no favors to officers. More barbed wire installed. Washed some clothes and towels today in a bucket. Have to watch the clothes line to keep clothes from disappearing. Filipinos always begging for food and clothes.

20 May '42: All Filipinos, 140 removed to Bilibid this AM due to the one that escaped. We hated to lose our mess attendants. Various unmoved, but Gustavo wept in his good-byes. We have assigned Truax as house boy for extra food. Restrictions of yesterday relaxed and allowed cold drinking water and walk in evening in adjacent field. No telling from day to day how the wind blows but we are still marking time wondering if more Americans will be brought here from Bilibid and let us stay but no telling. As tedious as it is, a move may be worse. Cloudy today with some thunder so maybe the rainy season is approaching, anyway it's cooler and that's something from the excessive heat.

21 May '42: A draft of twenty-nine Army brought in as prisoners picked up yesterday on a small island "Cuyo" yesterday by a passing Japanese cruiser that was signalled by Filipinos. Well treated by the Navy en route here. No rain but threatening lightening and thunder. Ball games again also cold drinking water and guards more friendly.

22 May '42: Four Army prisoners brought in surrendering from the hills of Bataan. Many bruises enroute. Very hot and have a coryza but feel OK. Two-hundred-forty now in camp. No indication of a move. Not a comfortable camp but still have my bed and fan. Not a second of privacy from noise but it could be worse.

23 May '42: Three-hundred American prisoners brought in from Camp O'Donnel near San Fernando enroute to Bataan they say. Weary, undernourished, Beri Beri, Dysentery and Malaria. Sad pictures, but all Doctors went to work. No bedding and sixty put in a room that is not large enough for thirty. All are under orders to be moved in the morning but sixty are too sick to move on. However only eighteen came in a truck so only eighteen allowed to remain. Capt. Kusimoto came at 6 PM and informed me that we all would move by train in a few days. We suppose north to Tarlac area and the end of bed and fan. Each Capt. allowed three small bags

1942 and the rest of the men one bag each. If trucks are busy we must carry our luggage. What is to happen to our trunks? Most of the three hundred in the above draft slept in the dirt of the court last night, as it was cooler than the floors. Some had not had a bath for days and looked it. Beards and anemic. Some abused etc.

24 May '42: Cooks up all night and rice served at five AM and trucks called for the above draft at six AM. Eighteen of other Army men filled out the eighteen too sick to go. One boy fainted before getting into a truck and was allowed to stay. All very grateful for the night's care. Very depressing, but nothing can be done. We fear that they are enroute to a work camp. Think of it. We fear our move, but we have a little canned food and gave all we could spare to the three hundred. They wanted to buy medicine, but we gave all we could spare. None to be had anywhere after ours had been taken. Last night when quinine was so badly needed I called the Manila Sanitarium where the Japanese told us to call should we need any medicine. They refused to send us any. I sent the interpreter down town to try to buy from any drug stores remaining open. He came back after a while with 500 three-grain tablets of quinine costing 75 pesos. There is a great need for a Red Cross ship, but no way of getting any communication with America or Australia. Behind the eight ball is right. Sad to see young boys so ill and all of us helpless. Hope for a speedy end to the war if many are to survive.

25 May '42: My cold is better and will be OK. Some anxious with people so ill at this time. Taking third course of cholera and dysentery vaccine today. Another small draft of Army came in after supper, rice, with no information in advance of their arrival. The draft contained Brig. Gen. Drake and Major Gen. Moore and several Colonels and Naval Officers headed by Capt. Hoeffel, Commandant of the District since Adm. Rockwell went south. Six top officers assigned to our room so now we are very crowded with sixteen in a room twenty by thirty. Very hot and my fan goes a short way. All from Corregidor having been enroute all night on a Japanese ship. They were unloaded at Paranaque and marched to old Bilibid. They were wet and had blistered feet. One sailor died en route and was not brought into camp. Lt. Col. Short was unconscious from heat stroke and dysentery. We did all we could, but he died the next morning and was buried across the street where they said the sailor was buried the day before. Some had Beri Beri and malaria. The officers not having had anything to eat on arrival and as our supper was over we shared our remaining food with them. They brought depressing news, of the Corregidor surrender hour and their treatment and the first bad war news we have had since last December. First hard rain today. Notified again we will move and we suspect to Cabanatuan, but Colonels and above to a different place with General Wainwright who is a prisoner in the University Apartments, closely guarded. Each two of the Colonels allowed one orderly and Generals one orderly. Hope for more privacy and less noise in the new place. And hope it will be the last move. Dread the train trip and sorry for our paralytic stretcher cases. The Japanese refused admission [permission] to leave them in the Manila Hospital. The Japanese suggested that if any patients were near death we might help them along. Think of that for humanity. What an outlook, but we can take it if we can get food. Have lost several pounds in the last three weeks. Do hope this will be over in another ninety days. Glad of a Colonel's rank and glad to be with the District Commandant again.

26-27 May '42: The same, but all packing what we are allowed to take. All trunks must be left behind and expect they will be lost.

1942 28 May '42: All patients able to walk and officers of the line below Colonel transferred on an hour's notice to Bilibid. All hospital staff and other patients remained for transfer any hour. All packed.

29 May '42. Not too pleasant birthday. Capt. Kusimoto phoned me at 8 AM that all hospital staff would take over Bilibid hospital but we three, Lyle, Ken and myself would go as a medical unit to the senior camp and to take some drugs, so a box is being packed. We have a Corpsman Henson as our orderly and will leave in a day or two. No soup today, only soggy rice. They say the senior camp will number about two hundred. Capt. Kusimoto says our baggage will be taken care of by him. Hope he will do so, but we never know what to expect.

BILIBID 30 May '42: Orders to leave for Bilibid at 9 AM, so all up early and packed. Noon has gone by and we are still here. Boys cooked some rice and bought some fruit and we were away in a truck at three PM. Bilibid ~~is~~ low of all time and seven of us assigned to a platform ten by twelve in an old open hospital building. Our baggage accompanied us in another truck and we saw it dumped like stone on the wet ground, but all remained intact and was stored around the dispensary and may see it again. We leave in a few days for Tarlac. Latrine terrible, and only rice and soup. Some meals have no soup, but given a little fruit.

JUNE 31 May '42: No change, but we have had two hard rains and the beds are wet.
1 June '42: Have a cot so far. Hospital being established in three cell buildings and can be fairly comfortable with Sartin in charge, after they are cleaned of their present unsanitary conditions.

2 June '42: Told to be ready at midnight on ten minutes call for trip to Tarlac, a distance of seventy miles. Anything will be better than Bilibid and hope to have room to unpack a few essentials. Guards doing some slapping. Speed the day when we can be free. No soup today.

TARLAC 3 June '42: Off at eight-thirty this morning in two trucks for Tarlac, dump trucks and twenty-four in mine. Got mangoes along the way. Grand to see the countryside. Bought some food in Bam Bam. Many prisoners repairing roads and bridges. Very hot. Tarlac at three PM. In the hot sun one half hour, scorching and sun burnt. Arrived at the camp two miles south of Tarlac at four PM. There we found Generals and Colonels. Tough ordeal in the hot sun getting our effects inspected. We were all greatly dehydrated and glad to get inside our barracks shortly after four thirty. Fair bed, but hard. 110 officers and 50 enlisted men. The camp has a grand view into open country, but there is little food and very restricted water. All inconvenient, but above Bilibid. Maj. Gen. King of Bataan in charge. We have no chairs, but there are two small shelves tacked up at the head of each bed. Worried over the restricted rice diet, but can buy an occasional mango. Do hope to keep well. Sad stories are being told us about Corregidor and the death march from Bataan.

10 June '42: One week in Tarlac Camp and tough going with rice diet. The Japanese say we must get along on rice alone, but it cannot be done. We are able to buy some green vegetables and mangoes, also pineapples, through one of the sentries who brings in a cart each morning. Prices are very high and Tarlac market limited. There are several cases of Beri Beri here. I am suffering from a mild dysentery and have had one day of temperature with aching muscles. The latrine is distant, about one hundred and fifty yards. Water very limited. Flies bad.

1942 Bed hard. One hundred and ten sleep in one barracks room. Rains beginning and some cooler. General Wainright arrived yesterday from Manila and thinks war will keep us here two years. Dull routine with little to read. Officers begging tobacco and clothing. Pessimistic atmosphere. Only good thing here is the scenery. Days long and dull. Same routine daily. Up at six thirty and to bed at nine PM. Lost ten pounds the past week.

19 June '42: The boys go along. Same routine. Inspection etc., and receiving more pigs and vegetables, but rice is cut one-third. Sick again for one day with a temperature of one hundred and one, but OK now. We are getting less rice and sugar. For my intestinal trouble I secured some charcoal by getting a board burned in the kitchen. New rules keep us inside after eight PM. Scattering rains, no chairs but have made a crude stool with scrap boards and a few rusty nails. Beds are twelve inches apart. Noisy, but get some sleep. Hope for some European news. Enjoyed an old Readers Digest. Here we sit with no news of outside world. Hate to see Generals saluting privates, etc., of the Japanese Army. We are told that there is no rank in a prisoner of war camp and although the treaty states that we should not salute only Japanese of our own rank and above, we are compelled to bow to the lowest rickshaw coolie they have in uniform. The posted rules read:

RULES FOR TARLAC CONCENTRATION CAMP

1. Salute all members of Japanese Army.
2. No one will leave barracks after evening roll call except to visit the latrine.
3. Prisoners will not communicate with any persons not a member of this camp.
4. Smoking outside of barracks is prohibited except as follows: while sitting down in front of barracks in vicinity of large receptacles for used tobacco ends, fixed there for the purpose.
5. Prisoners will not approach nearer than three meters from any fence.
6. No fires will be set outside of the kitchen.

The Classification of Army Officers here is: General Officers 15, Field Officers 97, non-commissioned officers 36, Privates 19. Reveille at 0630, and roll call at 0700 AM. Breakfast at 7:30 AM, work 8:30 AM, sick call 9 AM, lunch 12 noon, work 1:30 PM, supper 4 PM, roll call at 8 PM, and lights out at ten PM.

22 June '42: Improved up and in food. An inspector surprised us yesterday after a visit to find that we have so little and promised an increase. Yesterday thirty cases of canned milk and mangoes were sent in, also a small heifer for beef. Milk on rice this AM. Wonderful improvement. It's quite hot today, with a little rain. Dull hours with no reading. I have an old Geographic for today. Hungry for news. Feel Germany is crumbling. Filipinos on our delivery truck gave me a small can of meat. Said there was a rumor that the German Chief of Staff had committed suicide. It's very difficult to get any news from the Filipino drivers as the guards are always standing near and watching. The guards say that France is no good. Col. Glatney, the medical officer, is ill and will be taken over the medical duty. Think the Japanese want to not have it said they did not feed the prisoners well. We hope all will be over in a few months, but hard to guess with no news. Peculiar situation with no outside world, so we just exist and wait. Am able to get a fair amount of sleep on the hard bed and constant noise. Flies bad and skin infections increasing. We have recommended that separate laundering be done. Biggest problem is keeping well.

1942 25 June '42: Vera's birthday. A pig and old carabao were butchered at the kitchen door. The old carabao looks so ancient that as hungry as I am, it doesn't look inviting. Flies and ants are terrible and it is practically impossible to keep any food on our shelves and not have it carried away by ants. Dull hours. Convicts at home get radios, band music, news, and best of all, know when they can be free, but all this is not so with us. Reading "Cecil's Practice of Medicine" for pastime. The Japanese are strict with all rules. Very little rain.

26 June '42: Yesterday was Carabao Day. Didn't think I could eat it, a fifteen year old bull, but hunger is non-selective and a steak with rice and gravy for lunch and boiled with rice for supper was a banquet. Col. Ito inspected and brought some candy. He asked General Wainwright for a committee to be appointed to discuss food with him, weekly. Hope for more American food, such as eggs and coffee. Only lukewarm water to drink. It must be hauled from Tarlac, a distance of two miles away. ^{had} no bread for the past seven weeks. No news at all, so we wait. Expect no progress at all until Europe [war] ends. Not a single reinforcement has come to the Philippines since the war started. It appears that the United States is too occupied elsewhere.

30 June '42: A prisoner six months today, 180 days. Issue of sweet-potatoes, squash and rice today. A small bullock came into camp, and we all look forward to a good meal tomorrow. But, it escaped, and dashed through the gate with the prisoners following without permission to leave the camp. They chased it all around the hill, and I stood at the window getting hungrier and hungrier seeing the food about to disappear. However, a Montana soldier by the name of Greenleaf brought the animal to a standstill with his lariat. The guard was sore because the boys went through the fence in pursuit, slapped one and also a Filipino. There was no reason for either, but part of the co-prosperity program, I suppose. One dozen old wire-backed chairs arrived, most uncomfortable. All of our comfortable home-made chairs were taken out as they appeared less orderly than the ones the Japanese brought. Great life under a corporal and all are required to salute all privates. No news, the hours are dull and food barely possible for health. News good or bad would be a welcome change. Hope for some reading matter. Over six months now without mail, radio or movies. What is the United States doing?

JULY

4 July '42: A long dull and sad day thinking of a year ago enroute east to Everett's funeral and the days before sailing from San Francisco. Milk with rice and bananas for breakfast, and chicken with dumplings for lunch. The extra food was purchased by ourselves, as the Japanese thought it proper to celebrate our independence from England. We can see Japanese troops moving along the highway towards Manila. What does it mean? Rumors say Germany is crumbling. Will we be free before Christmas, and how will it end? Many pessimists here, and fear reprisals. The Bataan and Corregidor ending was full of personal abuse and deaths. The march from Bataan to Camp O'Donnel took about eight days, and if any prisoner was too ill to keep up and fell out of line a shot was heard and the prisoner was not seen again. Conditions there very bad with twelve hundred and ninety-five Americans and thirteen thousand Filipinos dying with dysentery and malaria. Broke my glasses today. It's bad, but able to patch with adhesive.

1942

9 July '42: Two months ago we left Scholastica. Tarlac troops going towards Manila, it is rumored that they are sailing with others. Where? We get no news. All Filipino radios are forbidden. Hope Guerrillas don't come in the camp. Haircut, and the barber, Sgt. Kavanaugh from Iowa told stories of being on a Japanese burial detail on the death march from Bataan to Corregidor. He said those that had died during the night when they were crowded in most unsanitary surroundings were buried the next day before the march began. Any that were almost dead were thrown into the open graves, and he saw seven different patients struck on the head by a shovel, and they had to stand by and throw in the dirt.

10 July '42: Major Sekguchi called concerning the diets. He previously had visited us at Scholastica in Manila. The last time he refused to give his name to us and said to just call him Major Wicked, as he had knocked a man down the day before for questioning him. He asked for a letter I was directed to write on May 18th, while we were at Pasay. It was concerning our handling of bombed and gassed cases and some other questions about our handling of the wounded. I told him that I had given the letter to the guards at Pasay for forwarding to him, but he said it had not been received and looked very doubtful about my having ever written it. I was able to hand him a copy, and he changed the subject. General Wainwright was talking to me at the time and he gave us a lecture on how selfish Americans were by not learning Japanese and trying to cooperate so peace could be obtained through a mutual understanding, etc. He told us our food supply was quite adequate, and asked us what we expected as prisoners. However, he asked us to weigh our daily diet in grams, and he would call for it later. He said that we got meat daily, but such is not the case. Col. Ito called, and gave a tea party in our messhall for our fifteen generals. Toast, jam and coffee were served. Said is any of us attempt to escape General Wainwright, squad leader and culprit would be shot. The rest of us severely punished. He said each was his brother's keeper. I hope the Generals enjoyed their feast in this atmosphere. Most of the Japanese troops are being withdrawn to Manila and convoys sent south, so the Filipinos say. The camp morale is somewhat disturbed today by the above threats.

11 July '42: Fourteen American colonels arrived from Bilibid. Say Germany is fighting strongly at Sevastopole and in Africa. We hear through the Filipino driver that Mindanao was bombed last week by American planes. We wonder when the Philippines will be delivered and what of us. Corregidor and Bataan being stripped as well as the rest of Luzon. Glad to see Col. Cooper of the Medical Corps, U.S. Army as he is the one with whom I made all of my pre-war plans, which were of a great help to us after Canacao was bombed out of the Cavite area. He says the Canacao staff is doing well at Bilibid. Six hundred patients there. Rains steadily and no laundry able to be done. When and how do we get released is the hourly question.

12 July '42: Coffee and doughnuts for lunch today. What a lift, and I'll always treasure coffee, even without sugar and cream. Our kitchen manned by American prisoners supervised by an Army Colonel, and this extra food is possible through our purchasing from the outside. Food is scarce in this area, evidently the Japanese have seen to that. Corn on the cob was served today, but too hard to eat with dry rice. Badly need meat, even Carabao. Colonel Harry died last evening with a strep throat. Ken performed a last minute tracheotomy, just before the end. Colonel Ito was here today, and attended the funeral and burial in a local burial ground. It has been raining the past four days and colder weather is here.

1942 19 July '42: Wrote to Col. Ito requesting Lyle, Ken and I go back to Bilibid and rejoin our staff. Was sent here as they say we would serve as a medical unit, but Cols. Glatley and Cooper being here, there is no need for us to remain. It is more pleasant here than in Bilibid, but less interest, and I wish to be back with my own organization. Maybe weeks before I hear from this request, if ever. Gold bridge came out. No access to a dentist. Almost constant rain. Food scarce again. Rumor of American Bombing in San Fernando La Union. There is no definite news of anything, and the days drag.

24 July '42: Couldn't send letter to Ito, so I gave it to him when he called today. Pleasant interview, and he said he would let me know later. Maybe a fifty-fifty chance. No predicting Japanese decision, but hope to get back with the Canacao staff. Col. Ito brought papers twelve days old. Nothing on the fall of Alexandria yet. It is rumored that Singapore has been retaken. We long for European news. A pig helped our food - today after dry rice and lard. Have forgotten how bread tastes.

AUGUST 2 Aug '42: Another month started with change in command. Lt. Ugi relieved by Lt. Ohari, late from Japan. Ugi made a half way apology for lack of our care, and spoke of better times for us. Corporal Nishizawa is being transferred to duty in Tarlac. It is just as well as he had become quite autocratic. Col. Ito is here today, and said he was parting with us and sorry, but all urged to take care of our health. Also said we would be moved in the near future, so all sorts of conjectures among us. Lt. Ohari promises better care and it is evident that we may be hopeful of better food. As Col. Ito is being relieved I must resubmit my request to a General newly arrived from Japan to care for all prison camps. Do hope to get to Manila for dental work and be with our personnel. Some boiled beef yesterday and hot cakes with rice and coffee this morning has brightened us up, but dry rice and lard for lunch today has brought us back to our previous low level. We are promised radio and books. I doubt it ever materializing.

4 Aug '42: After standing by for five days General Morimoto with staff of fourteen came at eight AM and remained fifteen minutes asking no questions or appearing interested in our needs. No meat for a week and all promises of Ito have to be reconsidered and it will take weeks. The promise of an Army dentist from Camp O'Donnell has been cancelled and I urgently need dental treatment. Lt. Ohari seems indifferent and rice is our only food. I've lost fifteen pounds and really hungry. Our Morale is low.

5 Aug '42: Ohari failed to show up today. No meat and the rice is poor. I know what it is to be hungry, but no appeal. Our new era is dawning darkly indeed.

6 Aug '42: Lt. Ohari told today of our food plight. He thought we had plenty but got busy and sent in some wood and a small cow. The cow escaped but captured it [in] Tarlac. Tough to see our food escaping. A bomb shell in camp tonight when told we sail for Japan on the 12th. What lies ahead? I'm hopeful of rejoining our group at Bilibid.

7 Aug '42: Letter to General Omorimota given to Ohari but he said 'twas doubtful if it could reach Manila. Do hope we can go to Bilibid to get our baggage there. Little sleep last night and many full of pessimism. What a life and how does it all end. So desolate to be without any news or definite information. No out-guessing the oriental mind. I dread cold weather in Japan as we are all in light Kahki. Hope for Japanese pay and some warm clothes. May it all be over soon.

1942 10 Aug '42: Preparations for moving. We hear now that we are going to Formosa and the usual rumors from the Japanese that our submarines are near and they fear the trip. The Japanese say they have no trucks and we must hire a truck or carry our own baggage in the train, a distance of about two miles. Our mess is issuing extra food for the trip. To leave at eight AM, on the twelfth and in Manila one hour or so, so no chance to get any baggage at Bilibid and I do need warm clothes. Good bye to my three trunks. Japanese doctors were here yesterday for Cholera and Malaria tests. Hope for an exchange and home before Christmas but no telling. At four PM today we received the sudden news of our leaving early in the morning. Under duress we signed an agreement not to escape while enroute. Hasty packing. Reveille to be at three thirty AM and march to the train at six-thirty AM. As lights are being repaired they will be out all night. We received the distribution of two cans of food and milk. Raining hard. Bed at eight-thirty but little sleep as it was noisy all night.

MANILA 11 Aug '42: Up at three-thirty AM. No lights except small candles in the barracks. Breakfast at four-thirty AM by candle light. Raining hard. Baggage loaded at six AM in a truck we hired. Rain stopped and we slopped to the train eighty-four to each car and were in Manila at twelve thirty noon. Train left at seven-thirty AM. We were able to buy some food along the road but were held on the train in Manila and served bread and sugar. All trains and stations we noted were manned by Japanese. We were loaded in trucks and taken to Pier Seven, where we waited one and a half hours on the pier while the Japanese held funeral services for a hundred and thirty-four boxes of ashes being loaded on our ship, the "NAGARA MARU", seven-thousand-nine-hundred and ninety tons. We boarded the ship at three-thirty PM and were placed in a forward hold and packed in like coolies on straw mats twenty four inches space per man. There were two decks used for sleeping purposes, one three feet above the lower one. Generals Mainwright and King were given a stateroom. Very hot at the pier all night. Little sleep, crowded and dirty. No bathing. Food better than Tarlac. Had short visit with Capt. Kusimoto who had been our supervising officer at Pasay and Bilibid. He told us something of the Bilibid bunch and said they were OK. He said we were going to a fine camp in Formosa and would get plenty of fruit, other foods and be paid a monthly salary by the Japanese Army.

12 Aug '42: Left the Pier at seven-thirty AM all under hatch. Anchored outside of breakwater and sailed at two-thirty PM. All kept under cover until eight PM when well past Corregidor. We had no life preservers and would have been in a bad way should a submarine attack occur at sundown which is the most favorable time. We noted after dark that we were being convoyed by one destroyer which turned back in about one hour. A smooth voyage with zigzagging at eighteen knots. Got some sleep but very crowded and we were a sorry spectacle crowded in like coolies. The ship was crowded with Japanese troops. We were allowed on deck a part of the time but no smoking was permitted. Our food, consisting of rice and some fish was served to us on the deck out of buckets for groups of twenty. We were able to wash our dishes from a hose and obtained hot tea from a barral on deck. Enroute we were given a lecture by one of the officers regarding abandoning ship should it become necessary. All stations were manned by Japanese lookouts and the constant zigzagging and atmosphere revealed the anxiety of possible attack by our submarines.

TAIWAN 14 Aug '42: Arrived Takao, Taiwan, at ten AM. A very pretty harbor, landlocked by a narrow entrance. The harbor was full of shipping and we anchored astern of the old President Harrison, which had been previously captured by the Japanese. Slept aboard through the night and given no information.

1942 15 Aug '42: No information. Told at eleven to disembark to another vessel at one PM. Off with guards and American navy personnel at two thirty PM by a small boat to the "OTARU MARU", an old tub of eight hundred tons, about the size of the old USS ELCANO. Our small Navy group was placed in the after hold containing the Generals. Making twenty-four in a small compartment. There were seventy eight in the next hold, and the rest were forward. Very crowded and hot. Anchored all night.

16 Aug '42: Sailed at seven AM and skirted the south end of Formosa to Karenko on the east coast where we arrived at seven AM the next morning. We were allowed on deck for one half hour during the trip. The weather was calm, and the food was fair.

KARENKO 17 Aug '42: Arrived in Karenko at seven AM, but held on board until after lunch. Allowed topside during the voyage from Manila to Formosa, but only for short intervals in this length of the trip. All guards very strict. Left ship at Noon and herded for roll call. Many guards and all of the country side lined the road for two and one half miles to the prison camp. As we entered the prison gate an order was given for us all to goose-step, but we purposely failed to understand. In the camp we spent two and one half hours for roll call listening to orders and our effects being searched. We were searched by being stripped, shoes taken and all furnished with wooden clogs. Our soap and matches were taken although we had been told before leaving the Philippines that these two articles were scarce and to be well supplied. We seem to have brought them only to supply the Japanese. No baggage was distributed and we didn't even have a toothbrush. Supper at seven PM consisted of thin soup and dry, coarse bread. Slept on the floor.

18 Aug '42: No baggage given us today. Have no towel, spoon or anything. Breakfast the same soup and bread, and I'm getting fammed hungry. We are compelled to bow to a white post which represent's the Emperor's figure. A touch bunch, full of orders, so we wait. I am assigned to room thirteen as a part of the fourth squad of twenty-two officers. Heavy iron bunks with uneven rice stuffed mattresses. No sleep. Vegetables in the soup, plus rice, but mostly water.

19 Aug '42: Baggage given out today after a rigid search. All shoes are locked up. Glad to get hand baggage with some essentials after forty-eight hours of nothing. Did some laundry. The water appears to be plentiful and potable. Food a little better with a banana. More rules handed out. Can only be on bunks from one to three PM for a siesta. Have opened some sardines and feel better. Weight today one hundred and sixty-five pounds with clothes on. Hope all will get better. Put my mattress on, and got some rest and sleep.

20 Aug '42: More restrictions. Rice reduced. No friendliness shown.

21 Aug '42: Japanese troops drill with yells and bayonet thrusts. All medical personnel interviewed relative to identification and the Geneva Treaty. They say we cannot be treated as doctors as we do not have the necessary identifications from Geneva on our Red Cross bands. I tried to explain that we were following all provisions of the treaty, and were properly identified, but they shook their heads and wouldn't let me finish. It was evident that their minds were already made up and they were looking for the flimsy excuse to ignore our positions. Shoes returned for cleaning and returned to the lock-up. We hope for better times, but things don't look so good.

1942 23 Aug '42: Inspected yesterday by a general from the Tokyo General Staff. All seemed to be well. He said Japan was a country of God, but also of soldiers. Our lives are safe if we behave. If not, punishment will be swift and severe. The local camp commander refused today to see any more of my credentials regarding our complying with the Geneva Treaty. Therefore we, as doctors, are Prisoners of War. He said that he didn't wish me to bring the subject up again as I annoyed him. Our arm bands are not stamped from Geneva. Plenty of evidence in my orders and passport, but they refuse to examine my credentials entitling me to endorse the armbands, etc. "If I were telling the truth the Japanese Forces in the Philippines would not have sent doctors here as prisoners of war." Strange reasoning, but the decisions were made and the matter is closed.

26 August '42: We are promised a store and orders placed for tea, bananas, cigarettes, etc. We are to buy with credit against our promised pay of 310 yen per month. We are to have an animal farm for meat. None here so far. Promised bread twice per month. Can have our shoes through the day, but they must be turned in at night so we can't run away. They say we are better behaved than they expected. Soup and rice the only food so far. Weight 167.

27 Aug '42: Captain George McMillin, former Governor of Guam, arrived from Shikoku under one guard and an officer escort. He gave us all the Guam news concerning its surrender and has had two letters from home through Geneva. Hope I have mail enroute as directions have been broadcast in the states. We receive no news except that of Jap successes. Pray can be home by Xmas thru an exchange. Some tobacco today in the form of cigarettes, but no fruit. All doctors in Jap hands are treated as POWs. The provisions of the Geneva Treaty are violated and all my requests and presentations of documentary proof of our medical status are ignored. I am angrily told not to bring up this subject again as I annoyed them. Weather cool. Dull routine. Am in squad #4 of 22 officers. Nothing to read.

30 Aug '42: S₂ filed from San Francisco one year ago today and eight months a prisoner. Do hope to be able to write home soon. Japanese weighed us all and I recorded 170 lbs as rice and soup have shown a slight increase. Walk one half hour daily.

31 Aug '42: A1 officer POW paid today by the Japanese at the rate of our corresponding rank in their army. 310 yen for Colonel's rank. All to be deposited in a postal savings account, but allowed 30 yens per month to be kept in our possession. Out of the 30 yen one percent is deducted for enlisted men. Y1.60 for Jap slippers, so actually received Y26.90. Fruit ordered seven days ago not yet here after being told it came daily. Have deposited Y15 with the PX officer for purchases. A PX is as yet only in the form of promises. Badly need fruit, as rice and watery soup has been reduced and we are hungry. Bananas are fine, if obtainable.

SEPT 1 Sept '42: Had cigars in today. Very expensive at 20, 28 and 60 sen, small size. Camp rules strict. No chairs. Can't sit or lie on bunks between 6:30 AM and 8:00 PM roll calls, except siesta 1-3 PM. Can sit only on mess benches or the ground. Can't stretch out on the ground as it is unhealthy and undignified. Smoke only in barracks space around ash trays. No smoking between AM and PM roll calls. Toilet paper 4 sen for 30 sheets. We are required to bow 45 degrees to all the guards and officers. Dysentery shots today.

6 Sept '42:

1942

CHRONOLOGY

All orders given and received now in Japanese. Must learn Japanese to teach our families. Opened my last can of corned beef which was brought from the Philippine Islands as am very hungry under reduced rice. Expect 90 British, Australian, Canadian and Dutch to arrive on the 8th. Some neutrals among them. Do hope we doctors can be included in any exchange. A chronology: War started 8 Dec '41, Cavite bombed on 10 Dec. Moved the hospital to the Philippine Union College, Balintawak on the 11th. Sangley Point bombed on the 19th, and we moved the hospital to Santa Scholastica College Dec. 26th '41. Captured Jan. 2, '42. Moved to Pasay on 9 May, to Bilibid 30 May, to Tarlac 3 June, to Taiwan 11 Aug, to Takao 14 June, to Karenko 17 Aug.

9 Sept '42: 163 British, Australian, Canadian and Dutch joined our camp last eve from Singapore. They report three weeks of a very hard trip. Low on food here, although we have put in a food order. The Japs say no food will be added if we don't do some work. It is all contrary to the treaty but we can't bite the hand that feeds us. All willing to do anything for more food. My weight today is 168 lbs

12 Sept '42: Little food. Small cup of rice with thin vegetable soup three times per day. Weight today 158½. Constantly hungry. The heat seems to be on because we don't show any interest in a farm. The Japs want us to work and buy live stock. Angrily told we would have no more food until we did something but lie around, treaty or no treaty. Bananas ordered ten days ago failed to arrive, same with tobacco. Our order for toilet articles returned as the Japs say they are too busy to bother with it. We can stand anything except hunger. The British and Dutch are fitting in well. They say the number of Americans in Australia reached an astronomical figure. Rained hard last night with a high gale.

14 Sept '42: Here 4 weeks today. No news. Dull routine with nothing to read. The food is getting less. Case of diphtheria in the British section which was isolated yesterday. We are all required to wear face masks for 7 days. Only removed to eat and sleep. No visiting other squad rooms, etc. Directions issued by Jap medical corporal, educated from a correspondence course. Will be slapped if without mask in place. British and Americans are separated at latrines and wash stands.

16 Sept '42: All weighed yesterday. Each officer losing 3 to 7 pounds, while enlisted men showed some gain as they have been fed better than we have been. There is great need for some food supervision and its distribution from the kitchen which is manned by Jap soldiers. The Japs say that there are no reprisals in our reduced food and that we are getting the civilian ration. However, we had been previously promised the ration of a Jap soldier. But, that is not the case as we note that they have meat added to their evening rice. Reprisals are promised if the Americans mistreat any other prisoners. A year ago today I lunched with Capt. Wilterdink at the Shanghai Club in Shanghai. What a year. The Gov. General of Hong Kong was brought in last evening and locked up in the Guard House, as he refused to sign the "escape clause". Typhoid shots started yesterday. Diphtheria is dying out, but we continue to wear our face masks.

21 Sept '42: Weight 160. Food the same with one small piece of beef today which served only as flavor in the watery vegetable soup. Tobacco orders will be delayed. All out of anything to smoke. The Japs say they are in no hurry as tobacco is bad for us. No fruit for over 2 weeks. All hungry, but they say we won't starve too much. They are cunning, deceitful, sadistic and cruel. Exchanged shoes from storeroom. I was called Roosevelt today by a Jap Lieut. as he said I resembled him.

1942 So it is no wonder I remained a POW. Weather is quite cool and badly need a coat. Warm clothes had to be left in Bilibid. Received one banana today, the first in two weeks. Promised bread twice a week, but none appeared. Not a vestige of news.

23 Sept '42: No tobacco and it is apparently being purposely delayed. Col. Lawrence reported our food low as there appeared some mistake in the kitchen distribution. He was called to the kitchen three consecutive meals and badly beaten. The Jap Lieut. says such treatment is not allowed. But we are being hazed by continual slapping and kicking. The food is most insufficient; absolutely no comforts in camp, but we are allowed to discard our masks today. We can take it, but remember it, we will. Worst treatment yet, being received. Hysterical inspection of our effects today.

24 Sept '42: General slapping around the latrine last night. Meade and Nelson forced to slap each other. A sadistic reign of terror. No one knows the why of it as can't understand the tirading guards, but suppose it is due to insufficient bowing and respect. Wainwright and Percival protested but only made things worse. The two generals were promptly told that they had no rank or special rights and that they could not speak for anyone. We are being punished for unfavorable remarks we have made regarding the Japs and if the Americans and British connive to object to camp orders same would be considered as mutiny and punishable by shooting, so we carry on and hope for better days.

28 Sept '42: 40 Americans arrived last night from Mindanao. Sentry hazing continues. Must bow now at any distance. The orders are when in doubt, bow. Slapping and standing at attention is the program of the day. Worst season that we have passed through. Noisy nights by frequently being disturbed by inspecting guards.

29 Sept '42: Paid today. I 20.30. Salary 310 yen per month. Deductions, August food Y7.60. 10% for cattle raising, Y31.00. One percent for enlisted men, Y 3.10. Balance of pay Y248 with 120 deposited in the PO for Aug. makes my total deposit to date Y 368.

30 Sept '42: After waiting 3 weeks tobacco came in today far short of the amount ordered. The Japs allocated 3 cigarettes a day for Oct. No cigars or pipe tobacco so it is to be one cigarette after each meal. Morale sinks lower, with hazing increasing. Left S.F. 13 months ago today. Surely will be home before another 11 months.

OCT

3 Oct '42: Stood at rigid attention at 4:00 A.M. for fifteen minutes for failing to see and bow to a sentry near the wash rack. Also Cols. Sage and Dumas enjoyed the same treatment. We were very lucky to escape slapping. Air raid precautions today. Evidently our planes and subs are near. The Japs say that Japanese newspapers are not being received from Japan on account of American subs. Our food barely sustaining - about 900 calories per day. Am holding my weight around 160 but hungry all the time. Hope for more soon.

5 Oct '42: Air sirens being tested. Air raid blackouts and increase of guards each night. Jap Lieut. says Roosevelt has ordered all available men and equipment to the Pacific which is the #1 War, as Germany seems to be second in the American plans. The Jap Lieut. appears quite disturbed saying that the Americans are wealthy and powerful while Japan is small and poor. Sounds as if our offensive had really started. "Old High Explosive" who hazed me yesterday by teaching me to bow and stand at attention passed me today goose stepping and I am supposed to feel really

1942 honored. This is 180 degree turn in attitude so these people are most unpredictable. Slight increase in rice yesterday. But our only food continues to be a small cup of rice and thin watery vegetable soup. I never think seriously of bread anymore.

8 Oct '42: As this is Rescript Day we were drilled nearly two hours this morning in formation receiving various orders in Japanese, to bow, eyes right and left while we were to listen to the was proclamation of the Emperor. The scroll was carried down the hill by a Sergeant, arms straight out in front and his head bowed like carrying a sacrament. After reading the sacred document to us it was returned up the hill in the same devout manner. We were told that we were better treated than America was treating their Nationals but a benevolent Emperor would not exact reprisals at this time. Rice slightly increased in amount today. War 10 months old. Another baggage inspection.

11 Oct '42: The guards were changed yesterday and our three weeks of terror has abated. Cols. Glately, Hughes, Elms, knocked down and sudden hazing begun at attention standing for improper bowing, just when things looked better, a storm appears. The Commander in Chief of the Taiwan Army inspected the camp yesterday and appeared pleased. He gave us some pork for our soup and we feasted over a Xmas dinner. I longed for macaroni, cheese, and fried eggs. Am constantly hungry but weight is up to 165. Weather is cool and need a sweater - found one among the Australians for 20 yen and ordered a promised coat and pr. of trousers from the Japs. If our lights are on after the morning roll call, the Jap sergeant will bump us over the head with a stick that he always carries. New low in rice which has to serve as our bread and butter. Six straight meals of starvation diet and was awake last night with hunger pains.

13 Oct '42: Low diet continues and weight today 160. Gathered a pan full of snails and will have some broth tonight. We bought a few smoked geese thru the Japs today which will be in our soup this eve and it will be a banquet. Educated men almost snarl over food when they eat to live. Things are up and down with the Japs who are always unpredictable, and we cannot and must not complain. Our chins are up as some day the tide will turn. Winston Churchill while a POW in the Boer War describes being a POW as recorded in the Readers Digest July 1940:

WINSTON CHURCHILL ON: "PRISONERS OF WAR."
"It is a melancholy state. You are in the power of your enemy. You owe your life to his humanity, your daily bread to his compassion. You must obey his orders, await his pleasure, possess your soul in patience. The days are very long. Hours crawl like paralytic centipedes. Moreover the whole atmosphere of prison even the most easy and regulated prison is odious. Companions quarrel about trifles and get the least possible pleasure from each other's society. You feel a constant humiliation by being fenced in by railings and wires, watched by armed men and webbed about with a tangle of regulations and restrictions."

18 Oct '42: Diet does not improve. Two thirds of a tea cup of rice with watery vegetable soup three times a day, but gather snails every other day for some broth. We don't know why food reprisal is on but it is intentional. Many stark-eyed, hungry all the time and keep walking down to 20 minutes per day. The Jap soldier gets 500 grams of rice per day. We get 160 grams. Thanksgiving parade today to salute the Jap flag and have read to us the Emperor's thanksgiving to God for bountiful crops. Schedules for fruit, tobacco, toothpaste, etc are not being kept. No explanations given. Weather is cloudy and cold. My sweater a life saver. Wearing masks again.

- 1942 a diphtheria suspect. Officers being slapped daily. Improper bowing to sentries which is a great insult to a representative of his highness the Emperor. Have lost three and a half pounds this past week but feel OK, aside from hunger. No beri-beri signs yet from low proteins. How sweet the simple blessings of life will be after this experience.

21 Oct '42: All weighed yesterday by the Japs - all showing a marked loss. All are remarking how I am losing and the scales revealed 156½ pounds. I feel pretty good aside from being constantly hungry and notice I am getting streamlined. Only walk a few minutes daily and the days are long. We are not allowed on our bunks from 6 am to 9 pm. No chairs etc. Cold and chilly - wear sweater under shirt. Lots of colds but I am free so far. It is an all time low and apparently intentional. The Jap papers are full of American abuses to the Japs in the US. Guard changed yesterday and the new guard appears less sadistic. Our morale is fairly good. No one at home knows what the lack of freedom means and it is nearly ten months for some of us. Our only food for the past three weeks has been the same thin vegetable soup and ½ tea cup of rice three times a day. Yesterday we were able to buy a bit of sugar, salt and tea. We have some yen, but unable to spend it. No extra food arrives and no explanations given. Many prisoners are hollow-eyed and 'tis a d-- shame. Does the US know where we are and we wonder how and when it will all end. We try to be well wishers and hope for better treatment.

27 Oct '42: Navy Day and hope will usher in better days for us. After days of starving and three days of high winds and temperature down to 60, I am able to keep warm at night with my sweater and four blankets.

At church services last Sunday conducted by Brig.Gen. Beckwith-Smith he read the following prayer which we all liked in our homesickness.

Holy Father in Thy mercy
Hear our anxious prayer
Keep our loved ones now far distant, 'neath Thy care
Jesus Saviour, let Thy Presence
By their light and guide
Keep, oh, keep them, in their weakness at Thy side
When in sorrow, when in danger
When in loneliness
In Thy love look down and comfort their distress
May the Joy of Thy salvation
Be their strength and stay
May they love and praise Thee day by day
Holy Spirit, may Thy teaching
Sanctify their life
Send Thy Grace that they may conquer in the strife
Father, Son and Holy Spirit
God the One in Three
Bless them, guide them, save them, keep them near to Thee.

AMEN

28 Oct '42: The temperature is up to 72 again. The past three days have shown an improvement in the Jap attitude. The guards are less heckling, work on the farm started and ration increased. We work 30 mins. and rest 30 mins. First day I was dizzy but OK again and have nudged my weight up to 158. Queer weight figures for me. Am about as slender as Robert. When not hungry I feel fine. Col. Quintard had

1942 the eagles torn off his shoulders and thrown on the ground. On reporting the act to a nearby Jap officer, the Guard was made to return, pick up the eagles and replace them on the Col's shoulders. Then the guard knocked him down and he and the Jap officer walked away laughing.

30 Oct '42: Pay today - Y310. Deduction for food Y15.90. Enlisted men Y 3.10 - deposit 271. Received 20, equals 310. Complete turn about in camp treatment. Food 20% increase. No heckling guards. Work 2 hours per day. Papers full of hatred for America. Reporting only Jap and German successes. Hope we get exchanged.

NOV

2 Nov '42: Food up and down. Weight 156 yesterday. Maybe I will start gaining. Jap promised us goose last eve but it didn't appear. Cool and cloudy. Jap propaganda personnel are taking movie scenes today. They took the Generals to town and pictured them drinking coffee. Such a farce for food propaganda purpose. Pictures of us all taken yesterday being arranged in groups with large signs hung around our necks. The Jap characters probably giving our descriptions. Started pens and houses for goats and chickens. Japs say they must be finished by 30 Dec as 'tis the day an exchange is hoped for and starting home. Garden plot finished and planted in potatoes. The 20% more rice is fairly constant now and have gained a pound. The only news we get is from Jap papers full of Jap sea battles and hatred for America. Guards continue friendly. No signs of any outside walks or mail in or out - yet we hope.

12 Nov '42: Major Gen Beckwith-Smith died yesterday. Probably diphtheria, isolated three days. I feel badly as frequently walked with him and liked him. I visited him a few hours before death - a sad ending after surviving Dunkirk. Gen Percival told the Japs that more would die if food was not increased. Result - a prompt decrease. Food continues very low and too bad as we are very hungry again. No meat for three weeks. Working in gardens and need food but am OK - weight 157. Told we could write home soon, but no signs of the promise being kept. No news except Jap victories everywhere.

16 Nov '42: Paid ten yen today. Balance on deposit 629. Measured and examined in the sick bay today - recorded OK and nutrition fair. Food low, so we hunt snails and boiled some green papayas for our thin soup.

17 Nov '42: Wrote letter home today but it was refused for the present as the Japs have too many ahead for censoring. Little more rice today. No news but the Japs say they have lost many ships in battle around the Solomon Islands. We hope for an early end and release. Cool and need some warm clothes.

26 Nov '42: Nothing but usual routine. Rice some better. Soup thin. Oh, for some bread and meat. Holiday for Americans - Thanksgiving. British and Dutch required to work. We work one hour per day on the river garden. Private plots planted. 29 rabbits in soup today for 317 people. We barely detected the odor in our soup. Some contrast to a Thanksgiving at home. The papers today are full of hatred for America and they say that the feeling is too high among the natives to make it safe for us to even think of taking a walk in the village. Our troops are invading Africa which they say is a dastardly act against treaty but Japan has a divine right to invade the enemy's territory. Hope for mail. Our letters not yet accepted.

noon

1942 27 Nov '42: Thanksgiving dinner a surprise. Had 29 rabbits in the/soup and 15 ducks in the evening soup. Altho without turkey and home additons it was the most enjoyable Thanksgiving food I have ever had. Comparisons develope strange conditions. A Jap general inspected today. We hear he thought our food was too low. We live on hopes of food and more rumors regarding Africa. We feel the Allies are getting Romel. News of our Navy again sunk in the South P'cific. Have a badly swollen ankle from insect bite. Getting cold and only have a blanket for a coat.

DEC 1 Dec '42: Got letter in today - delayed from 16 Nov. Some warmer clothes issued today and very timely. Cost 60 yen. Jap say we lost 2 to 1 in the Solomons. Don't believe it. MacArthur reported in New Zealand. So feel the Philippine offensive has begun. Good rumors from Africa. Food scarce. Got an inlay in tooth yesterday. A civilian Jap dentist now comes to the camp two afternoons per week, equipped with very few tools. Still hopeful for an exchange. Paid today for Nov. - Y310 - debits one% for enlisted men - Y3.10 - food 16.43. "Wash and mend material - Y2". Deposit 2.37 and the total is now 902.7.

6 Dec '42: Lots of good news from two British prisoners arriving from Singapore. The British broadcast station reports Stalingrad success by the Russians. North Africa about ended. Our rice cut $6\frac{1}{2}$ pounds and vegetables low. Hungry but hopeful. Morale up. Cold, temp. 53.

10 Dec '42: A year ago today Cavite was bombed. What an experience and what a year. Weight today 153. 52 pound loss. Scant food but feel pretty well. Work one hour today in garden. Cloudy today but hope for mail.

11 Dec '42: Clothing deduction Y47.71 - balance is Y84.76. Exchanging vitamin B tablets to Col. James for rice. Second shot today for diphtheria. Some warmer today. News of the French Fleet being scuttled. Hope for some RC packages.

12 Dec '42: Official weighing today 150 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. Loss of six pounds since 20 Oct. 21 pounds weight loss in this camp in the last four months.

17 Dec '42: No improvement in diet. 1200 calories per day. Bed maintenance is 900 calories per day. Soup thin as water but get a banana every second day. Work one hour per day. No signs of any improvement. The camp commander reports to visiting inspectors that all prisoners are gaining in weight. Weather mild past few days. We long for dependable news.

18 Dec '42: Paid Y15 out of deposit. Balance now is 839.76. Vigilante watch last night 1:30 to 2:30 am. Weight now 150. Food low as well as greatment. Three officers bopped yesterday for reclining on bunks. D-- shame to live this way but our morale is up and seems to offend our hosts. I have stopped all voluntary exercise. Not enough intake to equal the output.

19 Dec '42: Paid for Dec. today. Salary 310 - deposit 272.10 - food deduction 15.90, repair material two yen - can 20. Getting colder - no heat in barracks. Arrange my blankets in sleeping bag fashion. Total deposit Y1111.86.

1942 23 Dec '42: Ration very low - less rice with watery soup. Barely borderline subsistence and they say 50% out 1 Jan. Really serious as can't get along on less. No more fruit for a week. Plenty of food in the markets, but they won't let us spend our yen. Seems to be period of magnified hate. Jap papers full of hatred, propaganda with increasing victories on their part - more severe losses to our fleet while they hardly note any damage. A lot of eye wash, but I feel the food situation is serious and am trying to develop a private vegetable garden. Not a very happy Xmas period. We long for mail and RC boxes. Morale low. Wonder when we will ever hear of an offensive on our part and how the Japs will act.

26 Dec '42: Xmas was a mild clear day - wonderful spirit among all, but d-- homesick. The Japs allowed 25 lbs of pork and 30 ducks for our soup - also one banana, one orange, one potato cake and three ounces of peanuts. Great uplift after two weeks of starvation. Didn't dare eat all as must save something for the thin days ahead. I ration a teaspoon of peanuts per day, etc. A queer Xmas dinner but some meat fragments in the soup helped. The camp choir sang carols in the squad rooms Xmas Eve. I have a heavy cold with accompanying aches and a temp. of 103 but kept thru the carols and church on Xmas as had three solo verses in Good King Wenceslaus. The double quartet will sing a program tonight. Four Americans from Manila Xmas Eve and report a sub attack off Lingayen Gulf. The Jap report much action south of Taiwan and they are losing ships. Air raid alarm this AM, evidently planes near our China Bases. No planes over Karenko. It's Christmas night at home - hope all are well - a new low in homesickness.

28 Dec '42: Our 32nd wedding anniversary and too bad to be here with a heavy cold and a fractured tooth. Can't see a dentist for 10 days and am quite miserable. It's like living in a cold barn with no privacy or conveniences. Got permission to lie down for four days - am thin and weak. All Jap papers full of bad news in Africa and the PRES. COOLIDGE lost in the Solomons. No mail or encouragement, so we exist and wait. Some warmer after a cold snap. My legs about the size of my arms.

1943 2 Jan '43: A year ago today became a POW - my cold is better, but shaky on my feet. Have never been so miserable with a cold with periodic chills and general aches. Pork in my soup yesterday with a potato cake. More rice the past few days. JAN The octette sang at a singsong last eve. Some warmer, but little sun.

7 Jan '43: Jap disturbed over Benjo song, and required copies of all script used for study. After 24 hours they decided that all was innocuous and in fun. Depression period, reduced ration with hopping right and left. A Jap Lieut. bopped three Jap soldiers today, reason not known. We get no explanations of anything. New areas open for gardens. Longer hoses. Gen Wainwright one of the goat herders. My cold better, but weak and shaky. Can only do a pittance of work, but must try. No chance to weigh and am thin as a rail. Food hard to take, but allowed two lumps of sugar per day. All fruit stopped the past ten days. We must hang on with rice and soup. Depressed hope phase soon passes. To be interned in Chile would be a blessing and to live without heckling every hour. Smoking almost tabooed.

14 Jan '43: No Change. One ounce of extra rice on work days. Hours are 9-11:30 am and 1:30 to 4:30 pm with a ten minute rest each morning and afternoon. We are working the North Farm, a 15 min. walk up a hill. My cold -^{is} influenza and still weak and shaky. Getting a little more sleep. The temp. is 50 and use all clothes as pajamas. In today for dental appointment. Checked by the Jap OD and had to explain why I was not out in the field. It is not pleasant to be a POW.

1943 No news and so we wait. Dentist given orders by the Jap OD not to treat patients unless name is presented by the Jap dentist. Too many patients remain in from work, so I am put off with a sore tooth to be called later. Most indefinite, and nerve now exposed since 25 Dec. A POW is surely behind the 8 ball.

15 Jan '43: At morning muster all harrangued about dodging work by "Boots". Said while work was voluntary food would be cut for those who failed to work. The paradox caused a laugh, and that became a serious insult. The beans were ordered out of the evening meal. The heat was poured on and the guards became tough. Col. Hoffman later explained that we were not laughing at the Japs so that beans were restored before evening and tension relaxed. All but two turned out for work and that pleased them. No idea when I will get to the dentist. Cold improving and weather warmer.

16 Jan '43: Dentist in today, but no call for me. The Jap say if the dentist treats more than 15 per day he can't come back.

19 Jan '43: To my surprise a dental appointment was made for today, so remained in from work for the afternoon.

21 Jan 43: Got tooth reamed out on the 19th preparatory for a large inlay. Worked this am. and in again for the dentist. All told this a.m. too many resting. When resting a minute from spading one must keep moving, picking up grass, or stones, else rice would be cut, and yet all work is voluntary. The Japs say 500 Dutch prisoners have been lost due to American bombing off Davao. The word Japan is changed to Nippon henceforth. Never sure of our food and kept apprehensive.

25 Jan '43: Official weighing today - 149½. loss of one pound since Dec. 12. Total, loss now is 56½ lbs. Am skinny all over. Thighs gone. Low food when not working and only one ounce more of rice when working. Have been stacking grass for the past three days. May gain now since cold is about well. Never so miserable with a cold as during the past 5 weeks. Violent and persistent bronchial cough with little sleep. Some signs point to a move or a change of administration. Col. James taken away by plane, supposedly to Japan.

27 Jan '43: Squads reorganized today. Six more beds in our room. It is now squad 5 with Col. Wood as leader instead of Squad 4 under Col. Lawrence. Very crowded with only a few inches between each bunk. All naval officers are now together. Lyle next to me. Beds 2 inches apart with 28 in the room. The Japs are making space for about 70 Dutch prisoners coming soon. Food low. The Jap say no more heavy work after Feb. Yearn for mail and R.C. food. So far no signs of Jap recognition of treaty provisions in that request. Error in scales reveals my present weight is 146. However I feel better as cold is almost gone.

30 Jan '43: Idea of no work after 1 Feb. shot today as we opened a new acreage. So life is to continue as usual. Hard to believe advance statements, so no hope for a better future at present. Jap news reporters here snapping pictures and holding interviews. The English complain strongly of our treatment, daily punishment, overcrowding and scant food. I am so hungry all the time, but can't do a thing about it. Looks like a long war, and will be glad to see warmer days. Oh, for some mail and RC help. But no signs of Jap recognition of such treaty provisions, so we wait.

FEB

1 Feb '43: 74 Dutch, English and one American arrived from Java. Their news sounds good, contrary to the Jap papers. Heat on again with bopping right and left.

1943

4 Feb '43: Doing a little work. Food about the same. The Jap heat continues, but we are still hopeful of better days. I am feeling better with cold well. Our new squad is more refined, less useless profanity, etc. The Japs say we may have carabou next week, but we doubt all such statements.

5 Feb '43: Another Rescript Day. Less ceremonies than heretofore. Very cold, temp. 45. Slept last night with all clothes on under five blankets. Think Japan is more serious regarding the war. We hear only their side and hatred of Roosevelt. Eat a little less. Food not increased for the 74 prisoners recently arriving. I picked some sage and dug up some ginger roots for soup and rice. This had to be done during rest periods on the farm. Each meal, a worry over its scantiness and we are hungry every minute. We hope for a change of present restrictions. Sergeant Cavanaugh, from Iowa, is very ill with Ludwig's angina. I am short of breath and take no exercise aside from the work I have to do on the farm. WPA style. We work 30 minutes and rest 10 mins. 9 to 4 pm. We pay for food but not allowed to buy extras except for one pound of sugar per month and Wakamota vitamin B tablets.

14 Feb '43: John's 61st birthday. "Tempus Fugit."

16 Feb '43: Jap wrath declining. Sixth German Army falls. Papers full of hate for American and British. They never speak of us except using the word annihilation "The brutes must be wiped out," etc.

22 Feb '43: The Jap do not recognize a president's birthday. Hence no extra food issues. Fire drill this am and all bucket brigade barefoot, so I imitated Geo. Washington at Valley Forge. Weather cold, but what of it. Bopping at night around the Benjo, but I have escaped so far. Lunch today consisted of clear soup with a few vegetables and a tablespoon full of rice.

27 Feb '43: A Jap Lieut. held a conference of the squad leaders, Lieut. Gens. and Civilian Governors regarding our treatment. It will be no better unless Jap internees in the States get better treatment. Suggested letters should be sent to our home governments and urge better treatment for Jap internees. As no one offered to write such a letter the real heat was turned on. We were threatened with death if we got too near the fences. No hats allowed on our heads in the barracks. No going out without hats. All buttons of coats must be buttoned and on one occasion when I expected to be slapped the guard stopped me, buttoned the top button of my coat and tweaked my nose, following which I said "arogoto", meaning "thank you". The British were struck with vicious blows. They put in letters of protest which only reacted against us. A report of Roosevelt at Casablanca only added to the Jap fury. The Americans take this punishment without further protesting as it is the easiest way out. I received two thumps on the nose for paper and pen in hand while at attention, plus two slaps on the wrist with a bayonet for fingers not fully extended. Gen. Wainwright was slapped severely for not using the right door for the Benjo. Heat was turned on all night with frequent noisy inspections thru the squads and general clapping of anyone who happened to be out of his bed. The gramophone concert was stopped, and all sitting on the tables got a whack on the nose. A special brand of hatred is being exhibited.

1943 28 Feb '43: Severely beaten at 3:15 this am with six hard blows to the face for not saluting a sentry hidden in the hedge. Right and left sides of face swollen by petechial hemorrhages. Many slapped for the same reason, including Lieut. Gens. Wainwright and Heath. No recourse as Jap officers know such is going on, and there is no immunity around the Benjo these nights, Gen. Heath has an ankylosed left elbow and this arm was severely beaten with the butt of a Jap rifle because he was unable to straighten it out at attention and unable to make the sentry understand. How they hate us. All due to reports of internees in the US being poorly treated. We are not allowed to even sit on bunks during the day and frequently checked up by irate sentries. They say we can go home after we are licked. "Why does the US not stop now, and end the war which the Japs are able to carry on for 100 years?" Their papers indicate America and Britain are ready to surrender and try to make us admit it, but strange to say we have different opinions.

MARCH 3 Mar '43: Reign of terror has been bad. Officers slapped and hazed by angry sentries. Particularly during the nights. Loose buttons on coats, long fingernails, and many other trivial reasons no one understands. I have escaped further physical damage so far. More quiet last night, and the heat is less. No one knows when ~~the~~ or why an attack will occur. Bunks must be clear at all times, not even to lay a book or clothing on them. We can do nothing about it. This morning while washing my bowls one accidentally dropped, and the breaking noise attracted the attention of a nearby sentry. He rushed up to me and began a tirade which a nearby interpreter stated, he was asking me why I broke the bowl. I explained that it was an accident while I was washing it. I was asked why I was washing it and I stated to make it clean. I was ordered to report it immediately by letter to the camp commander. I wrote a letter to the Jap OD requesting a transfer from farm work and placed on light work herding stock, as I am on the tenth month of my 60th year, and greatly concerned over my declining health. Just too weak to work on farm, and to my surprise the Jap approved my request. Am holding my weight at 145, with the loss of 60 lbs during the past year.

6 Mar '43: Terror lessened and food better the past two weeks with some increase in vegetables. There is no predicting the reasons for our ups and downs. We hear a new guard officer does not approve abuse. Have another heavy cold, temp. 101. Excused from work for two days, but not allowed to lie down which is 100% of any obtainable treatment. Papers indicate that Germany is hard pressed. Now we yearn for mail and RC packages, but none come. Weather cloudy, but warm. Four acres of sweet potatoes being planted and Benjo fertilizer being used.

13 Mar '43: Inspection by a POW officer from Tokyo. Some interviews were allowed and all reported the lack of food and abuse. No work this week on account of weather, but rice and vegetables reduced. Cold better, but the days long. Col. Bunker with severe and general beri-beri shown to the inspector and the camp commandant was told to increase his food, and the rest of us seemed to profit also. Abuse less, but no telling what to expect. I herd goats every second day. Air raid drills on now, and all confined to barracks. Great life. It is reported that Tokyo has received 480,000 pieces of mail for POWs, but none has arrived at this camp so far.

17 Mar '43: Col. Bunker died last night from nutritional edema. Some visiting Jap doctors seemed to grasp our need of more fats and proteins and the food is improved with some potatoes and better rice. Guards not beating us now. My low weight was 140 two weeks ago, and am showing areas of emaciation. I am exhausted

1943 by slight activity and need to lie down. I must not lose more weight. Have taken up four inches in my waist band. When quiet I feel very well. Worrysome over lack of news and prolongation of our imprisonment. Weather warmer, but little sunshine. The Jap attitude toward us seems to have improved at present. Some pork in the soup today. Reading a travel book on Scotland. Lyle got his letter back from the censor today to change three words. The letter is over three months old, and it develops the letters we wrote Dec. 1, '42 are still in camp. A prisoner rates nothing, not even an answer to a simple question. There is no response to anything that smacks of humanity.

20 Mar '43: Two pigs butchered today. The whole attitude for a better era is evident. This seems strange after the terror we have gone thru. Food more in quantity, but still low in proteins. I am told that I show more loss of weight than anyone in camp. I sure am skinny and weak, but feel pretty good when resting. Great mental relief to not be threatened by the guards.

22 Mar '43: Change of camp commanders today. Speeches of good-bye, Good Luck and the old bologna of telling us to take care of our health. The retiring CO named Captain Imamura; the new comp commander is Lieut. Kogima. The second in command whom we call "Boots" or "Snakeyes" is 2nd Lieut. Nakashima, is also detached. The other officer "Baggy-pants" Lieut. Wakashugi is remaining. We are told that we will get some sugar and RC packages today. A great uplift in morale, especially having received pork in our soup last Friday. This is the first time I have not been excessively hungry. The camp interpreter's name is "Koga" - San (Mister). They say the war will be over in one or two years. "We must have good will between America and Japan".

24 Mar '43: Official weighing today - everyone shows a loss - I am down to 140 - a loss of nine pounds since 25 Jan or the past sixty days. Inadequate proteins altho the quantity of food has been slightly increased. One third gram of protein below maintenance per kilo of weight. Tons of RC food has arrived in the storerooms but undelivered until the Japs receive "advice from Tokyo". All disappointed and hungry but we can only await their pleasure. We expect the RC food will only reduce the Jap ration. Tough going with lots of food and can't have it. The list is in-voiced as follows:

Cocoa, 1456 tins
corned beef - 1,000 lbs
meat and vegetables 5,800
sugar, 16,500 lbs
salt 3,000 lbs
shoes 1179 prs.
parcels, 1722 lbs
medical supplies - two cases

Individual packages contained: toilet soap, sugar, tea, coffee, cocoa, dry biscuits, powdered milk, jam, corned beef, ham and chicken patties, chocolate, tomato juice, fruit drops, fruit pudding, peas, fruit salad and margarine. We must await their compassion as to time and method of distribution. Hope we get personal packages and even amounts for approximately 400 perole in camp. Pocket knives, straight razors, and table knives taken up yesterday as they said such things were being improperly used in other camps. Extra shoes turned in. The new camp commander is a new broom sweeping clean and we hope he will remedy our proteins at once.

1943 26 Mar '43: Tons of RC food but we can't have an issue until directed by Tokyo. There are 150 sacks of sugar which we need badly. Its arrival in camp has resulted in the Jap discontinuing their occasional issue. 276 yen was handed to Gen Wainwright today stating it was a welfare donation from the Pope in Rome. This amounts to 87 sen per prisoner and will make it possible for us to have 8 or 9 potato cakes which we have enjoyed at 10 sen per which have been occasionally allowed by the Jap. A scroll was presented to Gen Wainwright headed by a well-worded expression of our thanks and each asked to sign under Gen Wainwright's name for transmission to the Pope. The next morning the Japs took the money from Gen. Wainwright saying they were waiting instructions as to its distribution. Gen. Wainwright was later informed that the money would be deposited to our respective postal savings account so instead of receiving any food pleasure it turns out that the Pope is helping the Japs support the war.

31 Mar '43: Inspected today by the head of prison camps on Taiwan. A sour colonel very stiff with no smiles to spare - given lots of attention. We paraded in the AM. Air raid and fire drill in P.M. All paraded at attention one and a half hours to await his departure when it was supposed only to be for ten minutes. No excuses given - supper one hour late.

APRIL 1 Apr '43: Generals and orderlies numbering 117 notified this am to move tomorrow to a camp 60 kilos south. Hog killed to go with them. It will give us more room and signs of better treatment all around. Four ounces of sugar issued today - the first for two months. We hope for some RC supplies soon but the word now is that our supply must be divided between all Taiwan camps.

9 Apr '43: Cold snap to 53 degrees the past four days - all very uncomfortable. Food very low. Less than half in necessary proteins. I am still losing - 138 lbs today and weak - no subcutaneous tissue at all. An American soldier was caught stealing food at 4:00 am. We all got up for roll call. The camp commander was told all of us were very hungry and he said some RC supplies could be issued tomorrow and a pig will be killed. We are slowly starving and morale very low. No war news in the past four weeks so we know nothing of Europe or Asia. Feel things must be better for the Allies. Air raid blackout each night so our planes must be near. Sun out today - the first time in ten days and some warmer. I am so hungry and dizzy on any exertion. We have more room since the generals were transferred.

10 Apr '43: Darkest before dawn. A RC package was issued to each POW at 7 last eve and never was it needed more. Received one chocolate bar - 2 small cans of sugar, one package of tea, 4 ounces of syrup, one can of bacon, one can of gelatine, one bar of soap, one small can of margarine, one can condensed milk, one can tomatoes, one can apple pudding, one can of cheese, one can of crackers, one can of creamed rice, one can of steak and tomato pudding. All British RC from South Africa. I first ate the chocolate with crackers and cheese. Never appreciated food so much. Corned beef, cocoa, sugar and salt yet to be issued. All in storage here thru the past 20 days and its delay from being issued seems to be a part of the punishment. A POW is certainly dependent upon his enemy's compassion.

16 Apr '43: RC supplies grand but resulted in the cut of the Jap rice and soup thus little gain is evident. Corned beef 3 ounces per day allowed. Scarcely any Jap vegetables have entered the camp the last few days and it sure is discouraging. Pig killing postponed. It's our pig but dependent on Jap decisions. Have been vaccinated and inoculated for dysentery and typhoid the past few days. I have a very sore arm and there are many reactions among the prisoners. Fire Drill yesterday.

1943 As I was about three seconds late in getting into line I was screamed at and threatened by "Baggey-pants". As a result I was required to carry water in the cold rain barefoot altho the Jap say "take care of your health". One day the Japanese seem human and the next day brutes. No war news except propaganda hatred for the US. How will it all end is our daily question.

22 Apr '43: Past week have been a bed patient with a virulent bronchitis and daily temp from 99 to 103. Several chills due to low resistance. Third cold since Xmas. Low ration but RC tides us along. I am as weak as a baby but getting better. No gain in weight. Have put down the date of next Dec. as freedom. Only an optimistic guess. Here over 8 months. RC shoes issued to those needing them, only sugar and three ounces of meat daily for one week.

28 Apr '43: Week - weight 138. Warm sun. Have been in bed for ten days and some better. Stomach upset with vegetables tops and sugar. Rumors of going home soon. Signs of moving and the Japs are butchering pigs and making 400 shipping tags etc. It may be an exchange or a parole - I hope so.

MAY

1 May '43: Another month and flat with a gastro-intestinal upset. Loss of appetite. Nauseated. Rice and soup repulsive, weight 134. Can hardly stagger about. In bed 98% of the time with Lyle riding herd. Col. Gillespie gave me an egg yesterday and another one today. Lyle got them soft boiled and they tasted fine. Hope to eat some RC meat tomorrow. I am some sight but feel a little better today. A POW is sure out of luck when ill. To the Japs death means one less mouth to feed. Today completes 16 months as a POW.

6 May '43: Back on appetite again, up and about, bronchitis about well. Sickest I have ever been. Walking some now and getting an egg and milk a day from the sick bay. Am a real skeleton and all are remarking about it. Wish they would stop it. Am feeling very much better and hope to gain a few pounds. 31 enlisted men, 26 Americans and 5 Dutch transferred to a work camp. It is rumored that we all move to another camp soon. Wish they would let us alone as comfortable but something always keeps us wondering and restless. Papers indicate Germany being hard pressed. No news given out to us except Jap 100% successes and America and Britain must be annihilated. Corregidor fell a year ago today. How we long for mail and home. Not a line have I had from home for over 16 months but pray all is well.

11 May '43: RC packages, sugar, cocoa, vegetables and corned beef issued today. Jap say North Africa about finished. All doctors examined by Camp Commandant as to our identifications. A red letter day for our hopes. I am feeling much better and am taking some exercise sweeping in front of the barracks. Milk and one egg are my daily tonic. Wonderful to feel that I am gaining in strength.

13 May '43: All agog today as ordered to wash Jap linen and pack our heavy baggage. Where, when or why we know not. Issue received of sugar and cocoa. Many rumors. They say a good move for us. Glad I have strength enough to pack and walk. The hope of a better environment is a grand tonic. Nine small portions of milk and 12 eggs completes my extra diet.

18 May '43: Part of heavy baggage and furniture gone. We are ready to depart on an hour's notice. They say now we may be here another ten days. There are rumors of a revolution. Germany. Feel I have gained several pounds.

1943 20 May '43: Official weighing - weight 145. Gain of nine pounds in past 20 days. It is all due to the RC and the egg and milk tonic as the Jap ration is very scant.

26 May '43: Evidently a change in moving plans as we wait from day to day. Three hogs butchered and the rest sold. The Camp Commandant interviewed an American, British and Dutch colonels as to betterment of our welfare. All asked for more food and mail. Without the RC we couldn't carry on. He promised fruit, potatoes and beans for our soup. During the butchering our soldiers filled several buckets with blood which they coagulated by heating, added a little salt and served to the camp. I tried some but it was too sickening for me. We worry about each meal of rice and clear vegetable soup. It looks like better treatment and a move to the other side of the island may make more food available. We have cleaned the grounds and swept the streets. As soon as all was tidy the Jap brought in about two tons of straw and dumped it in front of our barracks to be used for packing purposes. It could just as well have been dumped 150 yards farther near the storehouses but all prisoners were called out to carry it in our arms and then again to sweep up the area. With this type of management we wonder how they prosecute a war. The guards are quiet and the general atmosphere more calm. There are many conjectures where we are going. Hopeful for the doctors and the sick may get started home ere long. Nearly 17 months a prisoner without one line of mail. Hours are long with no encouraging war news. Just waiting.

30 May '43: Yesterday a strange birthday when I became 60 years of age. Very homesick. For birthday gifts Lyle presented me with some sugar, Ken presented a toothbrush and a golf ball and Halstead some cigarettes. Low on RC supplies and Ken loaned me a bit of sugar. My birthday dinner was clear vegetable soup covered with breakfast coffee grounds, green kohlrabi leaves and one ounce of corned beef. Obtained three ounces of coffee and three ounces of beef thru the RC. We would be starving on the Jap ration alone. No word of our move but for the past two weeks we have been on one hour's notice. Heavy baggage gone and the Jap give out no information. Am gaining in strength and feel the move is to better things. May be repatriation for doctors. We rather expect a visit by a RC representative for neutral information but can't out guess the Japs. We asked for special food for today as it is an American holiday and we got 25 lbs of pork for 250 people.

31 May '43: Visited today by a RC representative from Tokyo. One American, one Dutch, one British and two enlisted men were interviewed. The Japs were present and to each of our complaints they interjected liars, fools, and dogs. The PX store was photographed having been set up with some stores just as if we had been receiving the same. The whole visit was pure eye-wash. A banana was issued today - the first since 27 Dec - a period of five months. The Japanese told the RC visitor that we purchased regularly thru the local markets - what a lie. The RC man said that our families were notified of our status several months ago, and he thought our post-cards mailed last March had gotten thru. He said there were lots of RC supplies in South Africa and that some drugs had been cabled for.

JUNE

2 June '43: A POW 17 months today. Heat seems to be on again. Tiraded last eve by a Jap corporal when he suddenly entered our squad rooms because we didn't immediately salute with a bow. The call "Kiotsuke" or attention, as formerly required, is not now sufficient. It must be immediately followed by "Keirei" or salute in unison with a bow. We complained to the interpreter that we had never been previously instructed on this program. His reply was angrily stating that we were all fools

1943 It is all apparently due to our complaint of the food to the RC representative and a Domei reporter. This is a corporal. He me bow six times as the wash stand, although I bowed promptly on approach. Packing now to leave on the 6th or 7th. Generals return on the 5th to go with us.

6 June '43: Generals returned on the 5th, except 14 retained for another camp. Those retained included Wainwright, Moore and King. Yesterday packed all I could carry. Bedding roll out this AM. Have slept on the floor for one week with two blankets. Squads scolded by a San Francisco interpreter for sitting on our bunks waiting for roll call. We hear this new interpreter named "Tamanako" is to accompany us and serve as the interpreter for the new camp. One of our soldiers from San Francisco recognized him as a former classmate in High School. We are to leave early tomorrow with some bread and canned meat for the trip. Expect a rough trip.

SHIRAKAWA 9 June '43: The trip is over. Very rugged, but full of human interest. Now at Shirakawa, 50 kilometers north of Takao on the west coast of Taiwan. Left Karenko at 9:30 AM June 7th and hiked at a fast pace to the docks a distance of four kilometers. The walk required 50 minutes and my hand-bag, package of food, canteen and clogs were very heavy. Very warm, but overcast. Boarded the "HUNA MARU", 1000 tons, at 11:00 AM, and in a hold of two decks. Sailed at noon, north, at 12½ knots. Thrilling debarkation in heavy swells. Landed on a sand beach at a small village accompanied by our goats, rabbits and much baggage and equipment. All ashore by 8:00 PM, and marched one and one half kilos up hill to a railroad station. While awaiting out in the dirty road for a train to be called, we were told to sit down in the dust and rest. At 9:30 we were ordered by our friend from San Francisco "get on your feet you lazy dogs". We were crowded on to a 3rd class special train, 80 to each coach. Sitting on bare boards with backs straight up and down. Left Suo at 10:00 PM and reached Tainan at 10:30 AM the next day. Not a wink of sleep. All blinds required down, but we could peek around the edges when the guards were not near and noted that we were travelling thru miles and miles of agricultural land planted in sugar cane, sweet potatoes and other types of vegetables. It appeared to be very fertile ground. We were closely guarded on the trip by 64 soldiers. Their rifles were loaded in front of our formation at Karenka as an exhibition. We ate canned beef and coarse bread for five meals. At Tainan we were served hot tea, and then loaded into small sugar cane cars, fifteen per car and off at 11:30 for camp about 30 kilos inland. The tiny railroad trip was very rough and hot, and the guards made us sit flat and all very tiresome. At the end of the line we hiked 4 kilos to camp and a truck hauled our heavy hand luggage part of the way. In camp at 2:15 PM, a very tired bunch. After some bread and meat, we were assigned barrack space. There were bamboo beds with no mattresses so we all slept on the floor. At 8:30 PM we were given 2 blankets and three bananas. I turned in on 2 blankets with hand bag for a pillow and slept soundly until the bugle sounded at 6:30 AM. After the long 29 hour trip we were all in and the floor was our beautyrest mattress. There was a heavy tropical rain soon after we arrived and the flooding eaves were a God-sent shower for a dirty crowd. West Taiwan is flat, and we saw thousands of acres of rice, sugar cane, sweet potatoes, and general gardening. We are promised better food, and today received better soup and some bananas. Mangoes are plentiful and we hope to receive some. This is a fair camp with bungalow type barracks, and will have a mattress when bedding rolls arrive. However, duffie bag and cot is here, shipped two weeks ago from Karenko, so have a cot and OK with two blankets. Squads formed today, forty each, with eight to a room. I am in room #20, with Lyle, Williams, Weatherby, McMillan, Curtis, Wilterdink, and Halstead. Morale is up and we look forward to better food and interesting developments. The Jap atmosphere appears good.

1943

13 June '43: Getting organized and treatment good, but food has fallen off with the arrival of "Baggey-Pants". Very thin vegetable soup, and no fruit, but may be due to three days of constant rain. Sun out today, and I got all my laundry done and dried. Some mattresses issued, but still sleeping on the floor. RC and baggage not here yet, so short of clothes and food. The camp is surrounded by a high bamboo fence, with a hospital building being constructed. As we are near the port of Takao and everything appearing "temporary" we all hope to leave in a few weeks and very hopeful of an exchange home. It would be grand to hear a radio and get some mail. Am on 13th month now as a POW, and it would be wonderful to be free again as we are all deprived of every convenience. Think I have gained 10 or 15 lbs., and may be up to 150, however, am still pretty slender. It certainly will be a thrill when I can erase the constant hunger and food worries.

17 June '43: In the land of vegetables, but not getting them. Would starve without RC meat. Our old Karenko Commandant Capt. Imamura took command yesterday. Said we were lucky to be in a rich country, but communications were poor. Papers report the Japanese fought to the last man in Attu. It said they were a brave 2000 and we lost 6000. Two bananas yesterday. Very inconvenient without baggage, not yet arrived. Nothing to read and hours long, but hopeful that the doctors will get home this year.

18 June '43: This is called Camp Shirawaka, four kilos from Kagi. After very poor food for three days some sweet potatoes came in so the soup has improved. Water shut off at 3.00 PM yesterday and turned on at noon today without warning or explanation so two meals with soiled dishes, and no face washing. I got up at 5:30 AM on hearing rain, and caught a basin of water and a bath from the eaves. The Japs tell us nothing, apparently to heckle, but we are used to it. Some of our heavy baggage came yesterday and received my bedding roll, but suitcase is not here, and with no baggage today 150 of us await their pleasure. The temperature is 85 and too hot for sleep in our small eight bed squad room.

21 June '43: First day of summer and siesta hours, 1 to 3, begin today. My suitcase arrived in a damaged condition, but contents were intact. A new era seems to have dawned with the best food and treatment yet accorded. RC issue yesterday of 3 lbs of sugar, four cans of corned beef and some yellow watermelon. Our monthly allowance is raised from Y40 to Y80, so we expect our sweet potatoes and fruit will be charged to our account. The RC food has saved many lives from starvation., I am gaining daily and no longer hungry. Officers do no more work, and the guards do not heckle us. Wonderful relief after a long period of constant worry. The Geneva Treaty more and more complied with and all feel that the doctors and the sick may go home by 15 Aug. The war news is more favorable, and the Japanese annihilation is a great shock to them who swear revenge, etc., but now is the time for them to bargain before they experience a total military defeat. Our present status is 180 degree turnabout. We may all get exchanged, but certainly the doctors and the sick.

23 June '43: A day of thanksgiving as all RC supplies given out. Permission was abruptly refused by "Baggey-Pants" at morning roll call. Then after breakfast he said "Issue to all". We got three parcels for each four, so I divide with Lyle, McMillan and Halstead. We also received four large cans of corned beef and three cans of meat and vegetables and about 2 lbs of sugar each. More vegetables for soup after a lean day, also a banana issued. Hope the food keeps up.

1943 26 June '43: Col. Frank Brezina of Coronado died this morning with coronary occlusion. A good friend of mine and a co-goat-herder. We had many visits together, and upon his request, a Masonic funeral service was held this morning with over 50 present. Our food continues good, our morale is high with war rumors of our offensive and getting home this year.

JULY 1 July '43: The beginning of another fiscal year. This camp is a bad malarial and dengue area. Over 30 new cases of malaria. McMillan and Lyle are down with the Ae type, but not serious. A great deal of ditch draining is under way by POWs. The Benjo hygiene is bad and the Japs say they can't get coolie labor. Food continues good with 2 to 3 bananas nearly every day. Inspection by Col. Tanaka yesterday, Chief of Staff of the Taiwan army, and the day before we were inspected by a general from Tokyo, head of the POW information Bureau. Today ends 18 months as a POW for me. A strange interlude in life.

4 July '43: A strange Fourth, but upon our request the Japs gave us extra food. We received 7 bananas each, some cookies and pork in the evening soup, but rice is our daily bread. Rumor yesterday reports the Japs will give independence to the Philippines in November. (Face saving). It is rumored that the Japs will withdraw from China this fall so hope the war is closing. We are not bothered here with petty rules, but freedom would be wonderful. So far I have escaped malaria. Lyle and McMillan better. Over 300 cases on the list.

14 July '43: Usual routine. Food down and it is a constant worry from meal to meal. Jap troops are training nearby and evidently cut down the market supplies. We receive no mangoes, but have received a few over-ripe bananas. Soup better today. All of us on camp cleaning details. Very noisy barracks, and get little undisturbed sleep. The overflowing Benjo is relieved somewhat by eight year old school children (boys and girls) getting the material for their gardens. The malaria cases are declining, following drainage precautions and all of us wearing long trousers and shirts after dark. One case of diphtheria in camp. Hot days with heavy rains. All drinking "cooked water". We get a rumor that our forces are in Sicily after the capture of Pantelaria, Italy, they say, can't be taken on account of plenty of drinking water there. We so hope to be home by Xmas.

18 July '43: Another Sunday and church cancelled on account of the heavy rain, but all are detailed to clean up the wood pile for an inspection tomorrow. Lights out all day, too dark to read. All a part of their heckling policy. The food is average. No news and day by day we wait and wonder. I have 3:00 AM Benjo watch tonight. Malaria less with more precautions. Lyle and McMillan well. McMillan received a telegram from his wife yesterday, 16 months old. We have not received any mail to date.

24 July '43: The inspector of Taiwan prison camps here on the 21st - stern looking colonel - we hear today that he said we must all work or not eat, so guess it is another farm project. The British complained yesterday of our low food, as it is wholly inadequate without RC help. A little more rice for working does not equal the energy at output as proven at Karenko. There we left all of our energy on eight acres with no returns. It is tough to be a POW in Jap hands. Our only relief is freedom, but when? We hear no direct war news and are left to wonder. Heavy rains each day, with no lights and very dark.

1943

27 July '43: "Baggey-pants" gave us some accounting of our past farm project. Total subscribed Y8000, balance on hand Y2500. All we received was 12 3/4 pigs and 1000 eggs for the hospital and 18 chickens in our soup. Spent Y1500 for enlisted men's working clothes. Pigs Y980, goats Y520, chickens Y50, rabbits Y50, Y108 for 30,000 potato vines that died, Y332 for Benjo carts. The lumber was ten times the value of the animals. Y300 for rabbit hutches. Freight for lumber and animals from Karenko to Shirakawa Y166.43. Trucking Y16.92, pig feed Y400, water pipe Y838. The farm products cost ten times their value in the open market, yet we didn't get them. Tools Y300, Nails Y52.80. Pigs sold Y409.20, Hides Y7.18, Veterinarian fees Y50. Visiting doctors at Karenko Y25. Roofing paper 195.47 ad - nasuatam.

29 July '43: "Baggey-pants" says that we cannot see the papers for a while. We think Italy may be out, and other news not good for the Japanese. "Baggey-pants" says all prisoners better pray for the Japs to win. The camp rumor now says all prisoners will be executed if the Japs lose the war. Comforting thought. I don't believe it as have always thought we will be treated better when we are winning.

30 July '43: Weight today 147 $\frac{1}{2}$, only 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ gain since 30 May. I thought I had gained more as feel good. Do hope we doctors can get away in August. Food is much below average, and it would be bad if RC did not help.

AUGUST

7 Aug '43: Inspected 4 August by the Jap Commander in Chief of Taiwan after days of cleaning by all hands. Food low. Soup almost clear water. We hear King Emmanuel is in charge of Italy and Mussolini out, but no confirmation. No papers for a month. We hear more prisoners are expected soon. Dreary days with rain and lights kept out.

9 Aug '43: Twenty-one British in from Hong Kong. Officers harshly told "No work no food." "Sign the escape clause quickly and no alibis". Three days crossing in a powered lighter.

16 Aug '43: A big day. Telegram from Vera saying all well. First word in nearly 20 months. A strange experience, but just words gave me a great uplift in morale. No feel shw knows where I am. Hope can get free soon. Such a waste of time at my age. "Baggey-pants" detached today and good for us all.

17 Aug '43: Here on Taiwan one year and 10 weeks in this camp. Food a little better with occasional fruit. No weight gain, but I am not losing.

23 Aug '43: 125 British and Dutch in on the 20th from copper mines and work camps. They are a sad emaciated bunch, and their hardships had been terrible. News of Italy out. Allied advances. Germany near the end, etc. There are rumors of the Generals leaving here. Food poor. It is raining less, but very hot. We wait and hope

SEPT

10 Sept '43: Two weeks ago yesterday, Aug. 25th, I entered the hospital with a temp of 104 $\frac{1}{2}$, a heavy cold and an attack of malaria. Very ill and took over 100 grains of quinine to break the temperature in six days. Never was so knocked out with heavy night sweats and continued diarrhea. Complete loss of appetite, but given an egg per day. Bananas stopped for the past week. Have lost weight as the soup is non-nourishing, but today appetite is returning and have had some extra rice. Camp full of rumors. Europe out. Nips give out no information, but say they will fight on and victory is in the hands of God. Medical credentials examined again. Maybe the doctors and sick will be repatriated soon. Oh, to be free and able to get some food. Very hot days and nights long, but I am much better with a normal temperature. It is a beastly experience, but most of us feel that the end of the war is near. I probably weigh about 140 and should be out of the hospital in another week.

1943 14 Sept '43: Still in the hospital. Temp normal, but quite weak. Weight 146 today. Inspection by the Jap CO of Taiwan prison camps. He said the war had made vast changes, but we must be treated as POWs. It sounds like a veiled admission that all is not well with them. Not a word about Europe, but we feel that it is finished there. We receive no news and the guards caution us not to talk. The inspector said to guard our health so that we could go home well. We wonder when, but wait. Nearly 21 months as a prisoner. Not a line of mail. Strange experience. Doctors all checked up so we might get a break with repatriation. We wait and hope.

18 Sept '43: Official weighing today on the balance scales. Weight 140. My weight of 146 a few days ago was a mistake on spring scales. Feeling good, but weak, and look like a skeleton. Temp. normal, but kept in the hospital to build up, where the doctors are giving me extra rice. After 13 days bananas appeared, so get 2 or 3 a day. Need meat and fats, but only get rice and soup. Eleven goats in the soup four days ago, and the rest, numbering ten, promised for next week. May it end soon, and I will enjoy putting on about 45 pounds. Interval sleeping makes nights long and tiresome. Am taking $\frac{1}{2}$ hour walks daily. Camp on a water ration. Everything is run on a shoestring.

22 Sept '43: Two years ago arrived in Manila. No thought of 21 months as a prisoner of war in two years. Deplorable water shortage in camp. Not enough for body or dish washing. All very dirty, but the Nips issued a little soap today. Conditions are bad for skin diseases. After waiting three weeks for promised sugar some arrived today, but held for three more days to show full PX shelves to an inspector. Good books are "Happy Countries" by Buckley, "Fair Harbor" by Lincoln, "Rock and Sand" by Jacobs, "Testament of Youth" by Vera Brittain. Feeling stronger, but only walked $\frac{1}{2}$ hour per day and am easily fatigued.

25 Sept '43: All water has to be carried from an old well about one quarter mile away. Prisoners carry it all in our food buckets and two thirds must be put in the Jap kitchen. No water for baths and barely an ounce for dishwashing and drinking after boiling. Long hours on the farm for those able to work. I am excused for age. Yesterday we had a visit from the Swiss and Swedish consuls at Kobi. They asked about mail, work, food, etc. But, of course, all questions asked in the presence of Jap officers. Our first contact with neutral governments and hope it will improve things. Conditions are very trying. About 100 letters arrived, some getting several, but none for me. Very disappointing, as I know there are many for me, as well as parcels but nothing has been received after 21 months as a POW. Just finished a good book "The Blindman's House" by Walpole. Hopeful that this may all end in 1943. Am still in the hospital and feel some gain on extra rice. Freedom will be wonderful after a message from home. I worry about my family, but at least they can see the newspapers.

29 Sept '43: Out of the hospital after a period of five weeks. Feel well, but thin. Off of farm work list, so have nothing harder to do than shelling peanuts and preparing vegetables in the kitchen. When on these details an extra cup of rice is allowed for lunch after three hours work. Anyway it is one move nearer home, I hope. There are many material relations, but hope I can get some cooler.

OCT 8 Oct '43: Am doing very well outside of the hospital, but have less to eat. I don't receive work rice as I am excused from all work being over sixty. Those who work receive a little more rice than those who do not. Rumors of Germany "Yasame" and Italy "Waikeri". All could fold here any day if the Japs would quit. Hope to be out by Xmas or early spring. Mail in today, but none for me. Some have received over 30 letters. The following books on China are very good: "The Maker of Heavenly Trousers", "The Gate of Happy Sparrows", and "The Temple of Costly Experience", by Dore. Mrs. Shepherd won't enjoy them. Cooler now and blanket needed at night.

1943 15 Oct '43: Weighed today - 139½ - loss of ½ pound in the past month, but feel much better. Wrote John today. Have received no mail to date. Still have great hopes of being out by Xmas, 1943.

22 Oct '43: Am in the midst of a malaria relapse with another heavy cold. The Commandant told all of us yesterday in answer to protests over Benjo carrying, was not punishment or not degrading as it is done by all Japanese. He said Germany was expected to win in Europe and the Japanese win here or fight to the last woman and child. We feel it an admission of early loss. And still our morale is high for an early release.

NOV 1 Nov '43: Another month and the 22nd as a POW tomorrow. We get no news or mail so all days are alike. The Nips gave us soap, toothbrushes, toothpaste and powder, a towel and three handkerchiefs. Their first gifts to us. The camp rules are easy and a marked change from a year ago. Food is better so we hope our bad days are over. My cold and malaria are better and just waiting.

11 Nov '43: No change. 31 prisoners in from Java with four Americans and the balance British and Dutch. Ensign Leavit brings us news of the Houston's sinking and survivors. News of South Pacific successes and the European news indicates that Germany will soon finish. The food is fair today, but there is no increase yet to feed the new POWs. Cold still hangs on, but better. Now I long for some bread, eggs, bacon, etc. A futile existence with no news or mail. Dull routine with waiting. Forecasts are from four to sixteen months more, but I hope it will be over in three months or less. Water shortage serious. Carry daily from outside well. Laundry and dishes are washed out of a tin can.

18 Nov '43: Usual routine but encouraging rumors. Food fair, some extra from Danielson. Much cooler today. Cold five weeks old today, but nearly well again. The PX is able to supply us with some spices, catsup and syrup. Two weeks of severe pain with a gluteal carbuncle. Size of an orange and the only dressings consisted of toilet paper. Out of the past six months I have been [sick two months with] colds and malaria. Rumor says big drives in the South Pacific and Europe. Do hope the end will come soon. Nearly two years as a POW. Usual routine and fair food - weight now is 140. Am so hungry for meat.

DEC 2 Dec '43: A POW 23 months today. Commandant detached yesterday. Hope the new one is kind. The sanitation of the camp is very low. All Benjos overflowing and flies bad. Carbuncle nearly well.

15 Dec '43: The new commandant is a Lieut. who reported on the sixth from the mines, but appears cooperative. The food and PX has shown some improvement. He is strict on discipline, saluting and lights turned off promptly when not needed. Usual routine with cooler and cloudy days. Am feeling better with extra rice from Danielson. Nips say muddy shoes have been soiling floors for over 100 years and they must be kept out of doors. Rumor says Germany folded - no other news.

23 Dec '43: Weighed today 141.4 lbs - gain of one and a half pounds the past month. Feel much better. Critical camp inspection by 7 Nipponese groups on the 21st. Cleaner camp under the new Commandant. Extra food coming in for Xmas. One duck for each ten POW, three pigs to butcher, sugar, buns, catsup, candy, etc. Room being decorated by the colored caps of cigarette covers, etc. Absolutely no news.

1943 26 Dec '43: Xmas came and gone. Commandant made a speech to us on the 24th and told us to thank God we were safe and under the protection of the Jap Army. He wishes us a Merry Xmas and gave us no particular news ^{from} the Pacific area. Germany is making a counter-offensive near Kiev. Roosevelt, Stalin and Churchill met in Persia. He said there was an attempt to assassinate Roosevelt but he reached Washington safely. We feel war may be over by July 1944. Grand food Xmas. Pork at noon and duck in the evening, soup with bread, candy and sugar syrup. Athletic games and races in the PM, with a Happy Hour at 3:30 PM. The octette sang. The rube orchestra by the British was very good. Roll call was extended to 9:00 PM and lights out at 10:00 PM, also the same hours allowed on Xmas Eve. We sang carols in seven locations again using King Wenceslaus. Morale good and Nips very kind to us, But I was homesick. Getting stronger and face filling out some. No mail or packages for me, but a few did receive some.

1944 1 Jan '44: A New Year with no change for us. The Nips have a three day holiday, but no extra food for us, but they allow extra rice for helping the kitchen force prepare onions and beans. I get on this detail twice a week.

8 Jan '44: Another Rescript Day. The Jap flags are flying, but no mention of it was made to us. Am now on my third year as a POW. Have had three sessions preparing vegetables. More mail, but none for me.

12 Jan '44: Nearby bombing at 10:15 last night which we took as our first message from home. There were about 20 heavy ones in a few minutes which threw the Japs into confusion. Sirens sounded and we blacked out the rest of the night. Getting no news is hard on morale. Papers today say we lost 80 ships at Bougainville in one November night. There are columns of American abuse to Jap interns in the US. We get no inkling of the end of the war. Feel it won't be long after Germany falls. Getting extra rice three times per week for onion peeling and dirt carrying. Feeling good physically with a weight at 140. Cigarettes today after ten days without. Food fair and treatment good, but greatly miss all common conveniences.

28 Jan '44: Weighed today 148.5. A gain of seven pounds since Dec. 23. Have felt well and had more rice. Now have charge of the new shoe room since 24 Jan. and get extra work rice. I put up numbers for all POW, making them out of small squares of paper with pen and ink, and placing them with rice paste. All shoes must be in by 7:00 pm. This procedure is a constant one in all camps to prevent us from escaping. Lieut. Hoki making a very good CO, no heat on and food better. Hope for a RC soon. We hear 2000 more Americans are on their way here. They say soon, but that means nothing in the Jap mind. It is a strange experience to have no war news or a letter for the past 25 months. Waiting and hopeful. Usual routine daily in a California climate.

FEB 9 Feb '44: Now in suspense for news. They tell us nothing. I have a feeling that Germany is finished. If not, we are here indefinitely. Big British mail in. One British officer received 42 letters, nothing for Americans. Enjoying extra rice for the shoe room job, but yearn for meat and bread. Dr. Braddock was knocked down today by the Commandant for bringing in some peanuts he was planting in the fields otherwise the routine is quiet and we wait.

14 Feb '44: Another birthday for John. Hope I don't have to spend my third as a POW. Air warnings nearly every night so we feel our planes are near. We get absolutely no news. They have formed a first-aid squad of all 18 POW doctors in camp, and we have to report to the hospital if there are any air alarms. We hear US Mail will arrive in a week and some RC in two weeks. Usual routine. Feeling well.

1944 22 Feb '44: Two teeth received temporary fillings today. A joyful day. Mail announced for me. 1500 letters for Americans, and I got 13, the first in 27 months, seven from Vera, two from John, two from Sam, one from Manchester and one from the Shepards. Great hour and emotion flooded. All letters are from six to nine months old, but they seem very recent. Sorry to hear of the deaths of Fred Evans and Dr. Gendreau. Must expect such bad news. Am feeling fine and re-reading my mail. Do hope my package arrives, but it is doubtful.

23 Feb '44: Little sleep last night. Enjoying thinking of home, etc. Weighed today 150.7, a gain of two and two tenths pounds. Seems like may get home in a few months.

MARCH 6 Mar '44: Usual routine. A Jap propaganda crew are in taking movies of the camp and park, which they say will be shown in the US. All scenes are especially arranged, and make us appear as if we were living in the land of milk and honey. No news. 97 days since seeing a newspaper. Occasional air alarms. It may be due to US planes from bases in China.

21 Mar '44: No news or papers. Two inspections. No mail or packages. Summer weather. Troops training near by, all quiet, food fair, no RC.

23 Mar '44: Newspapers today after 100 days without war news. Propaganda as usual. Japan and Germany are stronger than ever. The defeat of England and America is certain, all of which makes us feel as if Germany is going out.

25 Mar '44: Weighed today, gained three pounds - 153.7. Feel well. Gruel rice or Lugao now being served for breakfast. Over a month since mail was received. No sign of a package or RC food. The Nip treatment is quiet and no heat.

APRIL 4 Apr '44: No change. No news. Benjo bad. Several rainy days.

8 Apr '44: Another day of thrills. Two letters from Vera dated Mar 29 and Apr 13, 1943. A year old, but oh so good. So glad to know that those at home have my address.

18 Apr '44: Mail again today, but none for me. Disappointed, but better luck next time. We long for war news, but the Japs say nothing.

22 Apr '44: Weight today 155.5. Gain of one and one tenth pounds.

MAY 2 May '44: Inspection by the CO of Taiwan camps. Told we were being treated in an excellent manner regarding the provisions of the Geneva Convention. The war is in God's hands, and it might be over soon. There was no bragging of their usual line, namely that every dead Japanese would take ten Americans with him. He said that RC would come to us soon, also lots of mail. A very conciliatory talk. Raining steadily the past four days. I am preparing a small tract of ground for a vegetable bed. Many difficulties, such as tools, fertilizer, etc., but it is all good pastime. Hope some radishes for my birthday but the weather is delaying planting. There are rumors of some transfers. I hope to sit tight until the move for home. It is almost indefinite.

1944 14 May '44: Mother's Day, and Chaplain Dindeman delivered a fine sermon. Wilterdink sang "Mother O'Mine". Jap guns are roaring around the hills with troops training. Planted vegetable garden yesterday. RC at Kagi. Expected daily and so needed. They say it arrived in Japan last November over six months ago. Very hot now, and soon the rains will begin. Benjo sanitation very bad. Thus we wait with no definite news. I read, walk and care for the shoe room. Get work rice, and weigh 155, but feel very well.

18 May '44: RC received today after seven months in Japan. It was inspected by the Military Police, and all labels removed. All the food and cigarettes make a fine variety, and complimented by the Dutch and British, as well as ourselves. Morale up with the additions to our rice and soup. First American cigarettes in two years.

24 May '44: Weight today 160, gain of four and a half pounds in the past month. Four letters today, dated Feb., Mar., and May of 1943. Great thrill. Enjoyed RC, but no private package yet. All's well, just waiting.

29 May '44: My 61st birthday. My third as a POW. Many "well wishes" and the octette sang "Happy Birthday". Received some sugar from Lyle and a handkerchief from Ken, also some cigarettes from O'Day. Feeling well.

JUNE 3 June '44: Two years ago today was transferred from Bilibid to Tarlac. The weather is hot and rainy.

5 June '44: Surprise mail today. Three from Vera and one from John, dated May and June '43. So glad to hear from home. Cleaning camp for monthly inspection. Very hot. Heat on by the Japs after month of calm. Sergeants Gebot and Nugent caught dressing a chicken preparatory to boiling over the camp's bricked-up furnace allowed for boiling coffee. The boys were locked up, and the fire-places destroyed. We are all to stay off our beds, and the Jr. British Officer squads must turn in their camp-made stools and tables. General hazing. Those not desiring to work stay in the barracks. All this has come about by a letter being written to the Commander of Taiwan prison camps, pointing out many defects in the Jap application of the Geneva Treaty. As all of our sweet potatoes and other farm products have been given to Jap troops training nearby, all POWs have notified the Japs that no voluntary work will be done. Hence, work is stopped and every petty annoying rule they can think of is being applied. We are ordered not to visit other barracks, the park gate is closed and any walking must only be in pairs as any assembly will be taken for a meeting plotting escape. Able to see the dentist today. 111 days since he told me my gums needed treatment, but he has kept putting me off on account of the many emergencies. The pulp is exposed in the upper left eye tooth. Treated with RC medicine, but will lose tooth if abscess develops. It is tough to be a POW, and shut off from help. The dentist is a British POW and has only a few instruments and supplies.

10 June '44: The Nips have had all workers sign yes or no for volunteer work. 98% voted "no". I didn't sign as exempt thru age and a "stiff" job.

12 June '44: Heat on. No shoes allowed during the day. POW confined in the main area. At one PM roll call sounded and all ordered to stay in line outside of rooms and general searching began. At 3:00 PM. they reached my room and found nothing, but in the baggage room, where I could not be present, my suitcase was opened, and lost the Ronsen lighter that I gave me on sailing from San Francisco. For sentimental reasons I have written a letter asking for its return. All old regulations are now

1944 in force. No lying or sitting on beds during the daytime. No smoking except at table with common ash tray. No shower baths, no park walks, card playing only on Sunday, no lights even on the darkest days except meal times. Food reduced, and expect PX to close. If there is to be no work, there will be no fun.

15 June '44: A marked change from the free and easy routine of a week ago. Every regulation is now in force. They say it is not punishment, because 98% said they were not working voluntarily. At the time of ceasing work on the 12th the Nipponese were asked if we would be punished for not working, and they said "No". We are closely guarded and are deprived of all card playing or any form of amusement. We can now only smoke when seated on the benches at the table. Food reduced. No more bread or other bits from the PX. Our RC shoe repair unit has been dismantled. The park is definitely closed and no shoes are allowed. Guards are constantly patrolling thru the barracks, and mass punishment has been instituted, which is contrary to the Treaty. 30 enlisted men are in the brig, as under suspicion being connected incident. In response to my letter to have my lighter returned the interpreter is looking for it among the Nipponese soldiers. Soon be 2½ years for me as a POW. Queer experience. Every normal convenience given up, absolutely no privacy. No intimation when the war will end. No news given to us, so we wait patiently and the hours really crawl like "paralytic centipedes".

16 June '44: Our CO away for 2 days, and we hoped the heat wave was abating, but he returned with renewed venom. Brig. Crawford to the brig for three days - shoes found in his room. Capt. Egan to the brig for five days - a dull butter knife found in his room. Col. Van Mamen, Dutch Medical Corps, one day, confinement for lying on his cot. Also, a British Lieut. receiving the same sentence. The guard rigidly enforce our not entering other barracks, outside of our own squad, more than two POWs together in a meeting. No reclining on the floor or bench. Vigilante guard, no reading. No saluting between prisoners of war. Emergency roll calls night and day. They say no punishment for not volunteering for work, but ??? It is so queer after months of laxness. Anything now to make us uncomfortable. It may be war reverses. Several inches of rain today. Wish I had a chair. Must sit on a bench or box for rest between 6 AM and 9 PM.

17 June '44: Rain, rain, rain. Very dark inside. No lights except at meal hours. Smoke only at mess table over one ash tray. Nothing to eat but plain rice and watery soup. PX closed. Very harassing and tedious hours. No punishment - oh No!!! Looks like they want to force us to work. Calling it a volunteer act, and this complying with the treaty. No amusements allowed. It is like being confined in a cell with no idea when the sentence will end. Doubt if a church gathering will be allowed, as it would be a meeting, and we might plot to escape. No one in the US can realize this treatment. Starvation will do anything. It is the height of the banana and mango season, but none for us. Fruit and meat are out. The ninth and tenth squads had roll call at 10:30 last night. We expect one tonight.

19 June '44: Church allowed yesterday. Pork last eve for the enlisted men and staff. We put our share in the soup for the squad. No night roll call yet. Shoe room routine began this A.M. Still dark and rainy. Benjo sanitation bad. Lyle on the sick list with flu. I am OK, but food is difficult. Long hours.

20 June '44: Roll call at 10:30 last night. Routine about the same. I visit the shoe room daily for cleaning up, but shoes only issued to enlisted men who have to work. We are closely guarded in the main area with park closed. Guards decent with no bopping.

1944 21 June '44: Longest day of the year. We feel Germany out soon, and that Japan will not continue alone. Syrup and catsup issued by the PX today.

22 June '44: Weight today 158.8. Loss of one and five tenths pounds.

25 June '44: Raining inches per hour. Very dark and unable to read inside, but the current is off during daylight hours. Mail was announced yesterday, and was within fourteen of reaching the window when rain called a halt. The sun was out in 45 minutes, and we regathered in line to find all locked up. No word is ever passed on any routine changes. If there is to be no lights at night we only find it out at darkness. We are sneered at for becoming prisoners - as the "Japs die rather than surrender". The Japs say they will never come down to our level. Many are ill with influenza, but so far I remain well. All having high temperatures were ordered to the hospital in a driving rain for weighing. "Guarding our health".

27 June '44: Mail yesterday. Four from Vera - all older than the ones I have already received. Additions to squads made today, making room for more expected POWs. We are very crowded, but they should worry how we feel about it. Soup almost nil today. Rice soggy and full of weavils. No more sugar or buns thru the PX. Thus we worry along.

29 June '44: Fourteen young British officers in from Central Taiwan camp. Confirm the western front started in May. They were told before coming to this camp that we did not cooperate, refuse to work and rations had been cut 50%, and we were all under strict military discipline. In fact, we had refused no orders. Were asked if we volunteered to work, and said "No". Hence, their irrational immediate punishment instituted. We always have and are ready to work when ordered. Routed out for a roll call at 11:30 last night. Purely to annoy us.

30 June '44: The roll call last night at 12:15 was utterly contemptible. Only the lateral half of the hut was called, so those that were not called were equally disturbed. This AM we formed for the usual roll call at 6:20 and were delayed until 7:30 cooling our heels awaiting their pleasure. Breakfast was delayed until 8:00. Three air alarms after 1:00 AM. We have had alarms the past three nights. Evidently planes over the island, but none heard here. Food very slim, but the enlisted men had a good pork supper last evening.

JULY

8 July '44: Same routine. Full moon, but no air alarms. Several officers standing attention about the grounds for not saluting properly. The Nips are very sober, and we hope it is because of bad news. Roll call at 11:00 last night. Col. Horan fainted while in formation. Other squads were disturbed two or three times during the night. The punishment is being poured on. I was sick last night with a temperature from dysentery shots. Feel there is lots of news, but none for us.

9 July '44: Yesterday at noon, the heat suddenly cooled with an issue of sugar, lemon, some fish flakes, catsup, syrup, pineapples and bananas. Morale up and hope it continues. Some Canadian RC arriving in camp. Maybe a new era is dawning.

10 July '44: The Japs are unpredictable as formerly. Two harrassing roll calls in our squad last night at 12 and 1:30 AM. New guards today. Goons and mean. The heat is on again. A few individual packages arrived, so am wishing for mine, but it us like a lottery. Hope for an early ending of this war.

1944 13 July '44: The heat persists. Several officers at attention, not saluting properly. Some to the guard house, accused of visiting other huts, or holding a "meeting". All dismissed after a vicious lecture. Roll calls thru all the squads last night taking up most of our sleeping hours. Any that are not called kept awake with the noise. It is all an expression of their hatred and result in hazing for our general humiliation. A large number of Jap bombers and fighters over this AM, going south. Maybe action in the Philippines or near Taiwan. We are told nothing. Lyle received a package from Marion last eve, most food. I am very anxiously awaiting my package. I hear some mail is in.

15 July '44: Squads are now all ordered to work in turn on mosquito control, clearing weeds and ditches in and near the camp. A young Dutch officer yesterday was accosted by "Grumpy", a very mean medical sergeant, for wearing clogs instead of shoes to work. For raising his hands to ward off the blows he was accused of resisting, so he was severely beaten with a bamboo pole after Grumpy had started to unsheath his sword, but replaced it. Placed in the guard house for ten days on rice and salt and a little daily water without his mosquito net or blanket. I witnessed this episode. Our squad is out working this morning, but I am excused on account of my shoe room detail. Heavy rains each afternoon, plain food, the same heat. I was thrilled this PM upon being notified to report at headquarters for my package from Vera, mailed Aug. 20, '43, nearly eleven months ago. It, like all others, had been thoroughly searched, and I gathered the scattering contents, which all appeared in very good condition. It appears that only one and one half pairs of socks are missing. All articles are so welcome, but the milk, cocoa, bouillon cubes and vitamins are especially needed. Other packages are badly crushed and some practically empty. Others than POWs know not what these packages mean.

16 July '44: Roll call last night 3:00 AM.

17 July '44: Roll call at 11:30 PM. Heckling goes merrily on. No more fruit and just plain rice and thin vegetable soup. There is nothing lower than a POW in Nipponese hands. Disgusting, so what?

21 July '44: So glad to receive a letter from Vera dated Jan. 23 '44. From the number on the letter it is evident that eight previous letters are missing. This letter has been in camp ten days, but we await their convenience. It is a short letter of 24 words and evidently the regulations at home have been changed. However, letters should now come often. The heat persists. Roll call last night at 2:00 AM while I was on the vigilante watch. I was required to call all squads in out hut. Food today, bamboo sprouts, gobi and onions in the soup. Very poor and hard to swallow, with many weevils and worms in the rice.

23 July '44: Nightly roll call at 1:30 PM yesterday. All rooms searched for notebooks and diaries. Nine were found. Four squads now working with big cutting grass and brush called anti-larval work. Weighed two days ago, 159 pounds. Alls go on, but we missed last night. A surprise roll call at 1:30 PM yesterday. All rooms searched for notebooks and diaries. Nine were found. Four squads now working with big cutting grass and brush called anti-larval work. Weighed two days ago, 159 pounds.

26 July '44: Nightly roll calls at irregular hours. Pork in the soup last eve for all. This means that each one received a few shreds as only 32 lbs is issued for over 400 now in camp. Squads are now cleaning Yasame Park. It has been idle for over a month and the grass and weeds are nearly knee high. Maybe it will open again for more walks. We are now ordered to stay up each night until the 9:30 bugle. This means that we must be standing by and go to bed the next second when the lights are extinguished. More malaria exposure. Fuel low and no hot water.

1944 30 July '44: Pork again last eve. Twice in one week, a new departure, but the usual routine prevails. All kinds of rumors. War nearly over. Armistice all fronts. No way of separating facts from wishful thinking. Time drags, but morale high.

AUGUST 1 Aug '44: A new month. Maybe it will bring results. Guards not quite so strict, but night roll calls go on and we were harassed at 3:15 this AM. The food is very plain, but fruit outside is plentiful for others.

3 Aug '44: Roll call at 1:45 last night. Each means an hour's loss of sleep for me.

4 Aug '44: Tenko 2:15 last night. Col. Malsam got four days and Col. Lathrop two days to the brig for lying on beds. A new guard and plenty tough. Very heavy rains. We experience two or three earthquakes per week. Some quite heavy.

7 Aug '44: Nightly Tenkos at various hours. Tenko is Japanese for roll call.

10 Aug '44: Docse Kokai Senco Wakare, spoken by one of the guards, meaning Germany out.

12 Aug '44: Inspected today by Colonel Commandant of Taiwan Prison Camps. As naturally expected following our letter regarding his failure to comply with the Geneva Treaty provisions he made no contact with us and didn't seem interested in our welfare. He cut our daily rations 60 grams. Ration now is 900 grams and not sustaining. Our only hope is to exist until the war ends. I have a painful carbuncle on the lower abdomen from an insect bite. It is very painful and am excused from roll calls with permission to lie down. Temp. 101.5 and taking 60 grains of sulphathiazol per day.

13 Aug '44: The carbuncle is showing some drainage today, and got some sleep, but none the night before. I am allowed two canteens of hot water per day as the only source of heat treatment.

16 Aug '44: Tenko at 2:30 AM. Col. Searle was slapped in formation as he was squinting at a light in his eyes and the Nip sergeant supposed it was improper attention.

17 Aug '44: Arrived in Taiwan two years ago today. Roll call or Tenko at 4:00 AM. Carbuncle is healing and feeling much better. Weather is sultry with daily rains. Scarlet Sister Mary died today and augmented our evening soup. Never thought we would eat the old sow, but conditions ruled out all squeamishness. The Nips refused to take any of the meat, but we all took a chance. Gen. Brower wrote the following ode:

"THE SOW THAT DIED OF A BROKEN HEART"

Old Sow! Old Sow! What says you now?
You are in the scup.
And how - and how!
You have done your part as a humble critter,
You have blessed the world
With many a litter.
And after all, what could be fitter?
You have come to your predestined end,
And proved yourself the prisoner's friend.
Of a broken heart they said you died -
I think myself somebody lied.
But be that false or be it true,
Adieu! Adieu! Old Sow, to you.
Romantic dreams of mammoth boar
With mammary glands that swept the floor
Disturb your sleep no more, no more.
Kare! Boys, a final bow
Before you eat that grand old sow.
I'll tell the world I ate my part
Of the Sow that died with a Broken Heart!

Two bananas today, the first since 8 July.

19 Aug '44: A radio from Vera today saying all well, but no date given. The last message received was 16 Aug '43. A great uplift to my morale.

21 Aug '44: Tenko at 4:00 AM. Weight today 157.5, a loss of 2 and four tenths / lbs.

25 Aug '44: Same routine. No news. Dall hours. Food scant. Tanko various hours thru the night.

26 Aug '44: Night air raid alerts. Rules tighten. Gray days.

28 Aug '44: Food serious. Almost clear soup with bamboo shoots. As one moved thru the gate to the shoe room or other Jap areas even tho on business with a pass. Very closely guarded. No idea what it means.

31 Aug '44: New rules. No conversing thru windows. We must bring our own pen in signing for mail and telegrams. The Catholic priest is not allowed to visit other barracks than his own. Turn in any iron that might be used as a weapon. No hospital visiting. Letters home to be written every two months. Some beans in soup last eve, and a shred of pork the night before. Great rejoicing for any food additions.

2 Sept '44: Water system failed today. Squads carrying water to both kitchens. No baths and hardly enough for dishwashing. Caruncles badly well after 4 weeks. Another is starting in the left axilla and very painful. Apparently due to insect bites. Scarcely any gauze for dressings. I am given one short strip and it must be washed for each reapplication. Food barely above serious hunger pains. The daily food carts are divided equally between the Jap garrison of 60 and 514 Prisoners. The hours drag for a POW. No news and strict discipline at all times.

1944 6 Sept '44: Six letters from Vera today dating from Oct. 26, '43 to Feb. 29 '44. It is so good to hear all is well, and it seems like recent mail. I do hope my letters are being received. This is a life of hope and longing to be free.

15 Sept '44: Same routine. Heat up and down. Grumpy and Joe, another mean guard, are in full character. Major Gen. Sharp was a few minutes late for morning roll call and was stood at attention for one half hour while the rest of us ate our morning rice. All squads are working. Ration very low. Nearing the end of the rainy season. Nights hot. Some air alerts.

21 Sept '44: Last day of summer. All quiet, but ominous hours. Inspection today by a Lieut, medical. They say he is the medical inspector for all Taiwan Prison camps. Days have been spent in cleaning up the areas and the grass cut with our usual tools consisting of safety razor blades and strips of tin tied into bamboo sticks. Bananas on the 19th. Big crop but we get them every six weeks. Some of our cows now have little calves and there is a small amount of milk issued daily to the staff, but there is none for "non-cooperating POWs". Ken is in charge of milk distribution, which he has placed in small bottles, each containing about 4 ounces, and only allowed to issue it to POWs that are on the staff. No news, but we hear rumors of some action to the north. Hope to be free by Thanksgiving or the end of the year.

25 Sept '44: Weight today 154 lbs, down three and a half lbs since last month. Food scant and hard to eat, but do get a little bit of milk every second day. The camp routine is the same and do hope that I can hold my present weight. Col. Postumus (Dutch) died suddenly on the 22nd following a coronary attack. The rains have stopped with the approach of the fall season. Capt. Fraser, one of the British officers, was severely beaten today for shirking work. He was knocked unconscious with a bamboo blow over the head, producing several jagged cuts in the scalp.

29 Sept '44: No change. All losing weight. No news and thus we exist. Up for a 2:00 AM roll call and am sleeping very poorly these nights.

30 Sept '44: A day of changes. Three squads quarantined for suspected paratyphoid. 28 generals, 15 Americans, 8 Dutch and 5 Australians ordered to leave here tomorrow. No reason or destination given.

OCTOBER 1 Oct '44: Generals away at 1:00 PM. All their private papers taken. Baggage thoroughly searched. Many conjectures and the remaining British generals expect movement orders. Hope it is for the good, but we are told nothing. Strange life.

3 Oct '44: The British generals notified last evening at 10:00 PM to move at 9:00 AM today. They packed all night and at 12:30 today left via truck to join the other generals who left two days ago. They have been told they are going to Japan by air and only allowed to take a small part of their baggage. All of us are out of cigarettes. Our last issue was 12 Aug. No information of any new prisoners arriving. We live on a shoe string.

7 Oct '44: We are suddenly told that all colonels follow the generals who left two days ago. The generals by air, and we by ship to a very cold country.

8 Oct '44: Baggage inspected at 8:00 PM. Told reveille at 3:00 AM, and move out of camp at 4:00 AM. All night packing as we had been previously told we would not move until the next evening.

9 Oct '44: We all marched out of camp at 4:00 AM retracing our steps four kilos to a waiting cane field train, where we were again to Taiwan and placed aboard a third class train heading north at 7:00 AM. We had been given a rice ball for our lunch. Reached Keelung on the northern tip of Taiwan at 6:00 PM, and embarked on the ORYOCO MARU. Col. Moran had to be carried from the train to the ship. We were placed in an after hold. Crowding inhuman. Fifteen of us in a space 16 ft. long, 6 ft. wide and 3 ft. high. No air and heat intense.

10 Oct '44: No sleep last night for anyone. No room to lie down and we nearly suffocated. Two officers found a little more space in a neighboring section, but 13 of us lived in this space for 19 days, 16 inches of space for each prisoner. A little fish was added to some of the rice and for two nights and two days our soup constituted our only liquid. On the second day we were allowed some air, but no water for washing of any kind. The ship left the dock, anchored in the outer harbor, and returned to the dock before nightfall.

12 Oct '44: At 9:30 this AM air raid sirens sounded, our ship guns began firing and Capt. Pederson got a squint thru an open porthole. He gave us a running account of American planes diving at supposed air fields, and presently said, "Here comes one heading for us." At once two terrific explosions occurred on either side of the ship and with a four-inch gun over our heads, firing rapidly, we were glad in a few minutes to hear the all clear. We later learned that all of the Japs had vacated the ship and were moving a large number of their sick and wounded that were on board for transfer from Taiwan. One of the bombs striking near the dock killed 17 of the Japanese, and for 14 days the ship did not leave the dock. Twice during this period we persuaded Grumpy and Joe, who had been transferred as our "Directors" to let us out on the dock and turn the hose on each other, as our sanitation was something frightful. During the bombing of the ship we were locked like rats in a trap without life preservers, and the bombing in the area consisted of five phases.

23 Oct '44: The ship went to sea early last night, and at the end of three hours turned back, and we find ourselves in port again. At sundown we sailed again, accompanied by two destroyers and reached Moji, Japan, on the AM of 28 Oct. It was a motley crowd of tramps that left the ship about 9:00 AM, and after an hour's delay on the dock we were marched to the railway station about a half a mile away. Boarded a very unsanitary train, and 3 hrs. later were detrained at Beppu on the Inland Sea. After a march of over a mile thru the crowded streets, stared at by 1000s of natives, we were halted in front of a fairly large hotel and told to take our shoes off. On being taken inside we were quite surprised to be assigned eight to a room in sanitary surroundings, and room enough to lie down on a soft comfort on the floor. We were told we were to stay there a few days in quarantine. To our great joy we were all allowed a bath and got some real sleep. Remained in this location for 13 days with daily baths, but the food was very low, consisting only of a small roll and thin soup. Here we met a Major Takado, who said he was from the POW information bureau in Tokyo and that he had been sent by the Emperor to accompany us to our destination. He had been educated at Columbia University, and spoke perfect English, and the first pleasant Jap face we had seen. He said he was in charge of mail, and had simplified the system so that we would all receive the mail soon after. We hoped but doubted his word which was later proven by only receiving a very small mail issue during the following ten months.

10 Nov '44: Off by train at 2:00 PM. Changed in Moji area and reached Hoakata at 10:00 PM. Bitter cold in our tropical garb. We were taken off the train and placed on trolley cars for a 20-minute ride, and then on a long walk to a ship, where we found a little more room, and was issued an overcoat.

1944 11 Nov '44: Sailed at 8:30 AM in the midst of another air raid, but the weather was thick and we kept moving. Reached Fusan, Korea, at 6:00 PM. Herded into a cold theater for some rice and soup and entrained at 10:30 PM. 93 to a car. Very crowded and uncomfortable for three nights and three days trip. Our first train without drawn blinds and we got a good view of the countryside. Became ill with malaria on the second day, temp 103.5. No place to lie down and was very miserable with chills, sweats, etc.

MANCHUKUO

(CHENG-CHIA-TENG)

-----Reached Cheng-Chia-Tun, Manchukuo at 2:30 PM. I was too ill to gather up my effects, but an Army sergeant, Roy Wehrkamp, gathered up my things in a blanket as I was unable to carry them. After chilling for an hour, having walked nearly half a mile to the camp in a bitter wind, temp. 15 above zero, I nearly collapsed and was taken to a hospital. Brig.Gen. Maxwell, an Australian doctor, applied a hot brick to my chest and heated some powdered milk, and I stopped chilling in about an hour. I spent three weeks in a hospital with malaria, complicated by bronchial pneumonia. Col. Gillespie and Lyle gave me every treatment available, and Wehrkamp performed many small errands for me. I have never been so ill, but the basic rice diet was replaced by soy beans and much more nourishing.

DEC

5 Dec '44: Transferred to barracks, eight in a room, surcharged with coal dirt and smoke. The barracks are heated by large drum stoves, but only allowed two buckets of slack coal per day and one at night. Under seven blankets. The rooms were fairly warm and aside from weakness feel pretty well with a persistent cough. My roommates are Brig. Gens. Vashon, Drake, Trott, Blackburn, Chenoweth, and Capt. McMillan and Col. Cooper. There is a good quantity of RC here, but not delivered. No information. The food is hot cornmeal mush with vegetable soup and soy beans plus a small piece of bread for each meal. All anxious for RC boxes. Over 3300 boxes here with no explanation of withholding except "awaiting instructions". The temp. is 15 below zero.

9 Dec '44: RC started with $\frac{1}{2}$ can of powdered milk and 2 small pkgs of cigarettes. Weight today 146 lbs. An eight pound loss since Sept. 25th, but one pound gain since arrival here. I had very little appetite while in the hospital, but it is ravenous now.

RED

10 Dec '44: Received a chocolate bar and 12 ounces of corned beef.

CROSS

12 Dec '44: Butter and jam.

HOLIDAY

13 Dec '44: Some lump sugar and coffee.

14 Dec '44: Meat and a pkg of cigarettes.

15 Dec '44: A bar of soap and a small pkg. of raisins. Sub-zero weather but have been issued warm clothes. Hot bath is allowed weekly, and am feeling better with good food.

16 Dec '44: Milk and butter, salmon and a bar of chocolate.

18 Dec '44: Some cheese and cigarettes. Upon leaving Formosa we received a "gracious" letter, read to us from the Commanding Col. of Taiwan Prison camps bidding us good-bye on leaving Taiwan, and that while we had had some difficulties he wished to let bygones be bygones, and accordingly was giving us a present of 11 bags of granulated sugar, which we were to divide with our generals who had preceded us by air. Upon reaching our destination, eleven bags had dwindled to five and a half. It has not been issued yet, but the Japanese today requested that we "allow" 60 lbs to be transferred to the kitchen for an apple pie.

21 Dec '44: Pate and butter.

22 Dec '44: Soap and chewing gum.

8 Dec 1941- - - - -7 Sept 1945

1944 23 Dec '44: Meat and butter. This ends the issue of our first RC pkg. We are to continue with one pkg every 15 days. All vitamins and a large quantity of powdered milk are being sent to the hospital. There are 9 pkgs. of RC food on hand for each POW, but all issues in dribbling quantities depend on our captors. Weight today 147 and 8/10th lbs. Practicing each eve for Xmas carols and harmonica with the orchestra for New Year's Eve concert. Right eye flared up today as in 1918. Great concern. No iritis, but taking sulfadiathol. So hopeless as a POW for proper treatment. I have much dental work to be done, but the Nips only dodge our requests for a camp dentist.

26 Dec '44: Another POW Xmas gone. Clear weather, no snow, but sub-zero temps. A day of eye worry and homesickness. No war news. When will it ever end? Sang Xmas carols at four stations Xmas eve. I again sang the solos in Good King Wenceslaus. The Nips outdid themselves in Xmas food, using 66 lbs of our Taiwan sugar for apple pies, also pork and bean soup, and pseudo Yorkshire pudding made of baked vegetable with pork cracklings, some corn bread and fried fish. My soup and pie rebelled and I promptly lost it all, but enjoyed the corn bread and the Yorkshire pudding today. **HOTEN CAMP NO. 4** we now have a small piece of bread with each meal, plus RC issues, and no longer hungry, a glorious relief. The cube sugar and RC made the food complete. My eye is clearing and my worries over. How I long for the war news in home papers. Haven't seen even a Jap paper since the 23rd of last April. Haven't been allowed to write a letter for 5 months and no mail since 21 Sept. The Nips say we have 10,000 letters at Mukden, but delayed by too few censors. We have been in this camp six weeks today. It is called "Hoten Camp #4". The first three weeks were spent in the hospital with malaria and bronchial pneumonia. I seem to be over the malaria, but the improving bronchitis hangs on. Try to walk one mile per day with Lyle if not too cold. We have been given a sheep-lined overcoat and a face mask. Also a pair of woolen gloves.

1945 3 Jan '45: Another year and now on the 4th year as a POW. Eye OK. Cold and cough hang on. Temperature ranges from zero to 20 below. The concert New Year's Eve was very good. I played the harmonica in the orchestra and sang in the octette. No RC issue yesterday as the Nip with the key to the storehouse had gone ashore. Our letter writing is delayed, they say, because no stationary on hand. It must all come from Mukden. A POW is sure behind the 8th ball.

5 Jan '45: The Nips are still on their New Year's holiday. The Benjo overflowing Temp 15 below zero. Have a fresh cold and cough is eight weeks old. No news and we continue to wait.

8 Jan '45: The RC was to last until 30 Apr., with almost daily issues but now the Nips say that a slower schedule would be placed in effect to make them last until 30 June. It is our food, but rationed as the Japs decide. It would be just as proper to deal out any private packages that may arrive in driblets. No mail in or out for over 5 months. We just "set" and think, mostly "set". There is nothing lower than a POW.

10 Jan '45: Have not been out for a week, but my cold is better, and I cough less at night. Heavy clothing washed. Have a good orderly in Roy Wehrkamp, from Fargo, North Dakota, a graduate civil engineer with the Bell Tel.Co., and a conscript for the duration of the war.

1945 19 Jan '45: Walking one mile daily, cough much better. Usual routine. It is very cold, but not bad. No snow. It frequently snows in flurries, but high winds keep the ground clear. The food is average and would be scant without the RC. The issues are slowed up, but it cannot be helped. Fillings out of upper front teeth, but the Japs fail to secure a dentist with many emergencies reported. We hear absolutely nothing, so are completely in the dark as to the progress of the war.

20 Jan '45: Weight today 156 lbs, a gain of 8 2/10th lbs. I feel the scales are unreliable. Am taking vitamins and yeast when some is occasionally distributed from a kitchen excess. Cough nearly gone after reduced smoking.

24 Jan '45: The Nips said that Tokyo had notified them of some missionaries being interned near us and would we approve sending them 240 of our RC pkgs. The committee told them that we couldn't distribute RC supplies without the approval of the RC society. While this silly meeting was going on the coolie carts were being loaded up with the 240 pkgs., and promptly left the camp. We hope they reached the missionaries. Feeling good now and gaining weight. Am irritated over no mail in or out. No mail now for 6 months, and we often smile over Major Takado having simplified the mail distribution, etc. When does it all end? One doesn't get used to being a POW.

31 Jan '45: End of a long month. Slight snow. It is some warmer now as the temp has arisen to 17 below. No RC food. Our food, but the Nips control. The Nip commandant has asked us if we didn't wish to plan on planting a garden as soon as it became warmer. We said "No", as we had been fooled twice in Formosa. They said, "Conditions were much better here, we keep our word".

FEB 4 Feb '45: As expected, new restrictions are being imposed. No one is allowed up before reveille, no early building up of fires; are cutting out toasting and hot water for tea. No washing before reveille, no smoking before AM roll call. Even so, it is better than Taiwan rules. How we long for some news. Each day is the same.

7 Feb '45: 18 below zero last night.

17 Feb '45: Dull routine. Some warmer. We have been standing by for five days for the Col. of Manchurian Prison Camps for inspection. He appeared yesterday and was not pleased for some lack of courtesy in the POWs' salutes. Our committee asked him about mail, clothes, news, dental treatment, etc. All answers in the negative. Here we sit waiting and wondering. No mail in or out for six months and it is a d--- shame. The Col. said we were getting too much bread. Diet is beans and bread. No RC issues for four days, "How he loves us".

19 Feb '45: Raisins and milk issued. RC further cut by 100 boxes to the hospital for summer patients. It is all a farce as each patient receives his share of the current issue. We have so far been cut to 1 3/4th boxes. It is irritating to have our RC issues piecemeal. All cans are punctures, which results in immediate consuming. Some prisoners escaped from here two years ago and subsisted on RC food until captured and executed. We are now cut to five cigarettes per day from the RC. To comply with the amount issued to Jap soldiers. We are not allowed at any time to have any more food or cigarettes than the Jap soldier receives.

22 Feb '45: Weight today 161.9 lbs, a gain of 5 and nine tenths lbs. Have gained 15 lbs on soy beans and RC at this camp. We now receive dribblets of RC every three days due to the 100 parcels going to the hospital.

1945 26 Feb '45: Controversy with the Nips the past week over our digging trenches as they fear bombing here. We said it was their duty to provide safety for us. They say we must do it. We said then we would pay for coolie labor, but they said none was available. During this controversy no RC food was issued. We start digging today thru frozen ground with inadequate tools. RC started after one week's delay. It all may be a coincidence, but it is quite pointed a POW is without any honor, they say for senior officers "bushido" nix. The much heralded spirit of bushido is defined foris as "a tear in your eye and hot blood in your soul". Emergency supplies like toilet paper rationed at 60 sheets per month, are frequently delayed in issue. They are past masters at heckling. At last toilet paper issued today after emergency conditions were presented to them $3\frac{1}{2}$ weeks ago. There is no dependence on the RC issues of any kind. There are rumors of the Philippines being captured. Lyle is instructing me in playing bridge. Have played more in the past three weeks than in the past three years. Reading is dull as have finished all the better books in our limited library. Trench work is moving slowly thru the frozen ground. The weather is so severe that we can only work a half hour at a time without coming in to get warm and fortunately they are not riding herd on us while we peck along. High winds and the sun almost obscured by the dust. We are now faced with a coal shortage. Being a POW is complete deprivation of every pleasure or convenience known in the past. Mail in or out seems to be a closed chapter. Some changes in the guard with a new and better interpreter. There is a rumor that Germany is out, but we get no definite news. Letter home today; the first one since last August. Ken performed an emergency appendectomy on Sergeant Johnson yesterday. There were no sheets, gloves or catgut. Ken was required to write a letter to the Commandant thanking him for the permission to operate and the use of Jap facilities. Some propaganda.

MARCH 17 Mar '45: In accordance with Nip regulations 12 stoves placed out of commission today, and it is quite cold with ice on the windows. To keep this regulation date line heavy Nip clothing must be washed and turned in this week.

19 Mar '45: All surprised today when told we could send 64 radios home per month by broadcast from Tokyo. Part to be 150 words and some 40 words. 44 allotted to Americans and three long ones from my section. The cards were out and I drew the Ace of Spades. Great luck, as I am usually low on food drawings. Do hope mine gets through OK. All now feel that we can get home this year.

23 Mar '45: Weight today 168.3 lbs. Six and $\frac{3}{4}$ th pound gain over last month.

26 Mar '43: Signed letter written on the 12th. The censor only changed two words. It should reach home in Oct. Finished trench digging. It is still very cold, but we must give up the use of all stoves on the 31st.

31 Mar '45: Thick dust storm the past two days, with a very high wind. Sun obscured. They say it is usual this time of year. Much warmer. Heavy underwear turned in. Stoves out tonight. Received two pkgs. of Nip cigarettes today, the first for 43 days. Now promised two pkgs of RC cigarettes per week, namely, viz; Chesterfield and Camel. Special food for Easter tomorrow, allowed to buy a pig. RC issue today. Sugar, coffee, butter and jam. Doughnuts for Easter breakfast, delightful addition to our soy beans and millet. Will miss our room cooking with the fires out. The home address of Roy V. Wehrkamp is 1305 Second Avenue South, Fargo, North Dakota.

1945 3 Apr '45: Easter over without the expected doughnuts and the pork was too small to find in our soup. A nice church service conducted by Col. O'Day. Music by the stringed band, and the octette sang "Christ is Risen". The altar was decorated by artificial lilies and roses made out of white paper by one of the Dutch Colonels. The Commandant present and slept soundly thru the whole service. Fires out and a cold snap is on. Heavy colds and wearing of overcoats. Rumors that the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor is now being brought home to the Japs.

9 Apr '45: Cold weather continues without fires. Heavy overcoats and blankets necessary. Our daily routine does not change. Playing bridge three hours daily.

18 Apr '45: Usual routine. Some warmer with high winds and air full of dust. Turn in all overcoats today. RC issue rearranged to use up frozen meats. During the past week the work controversy rose again. The frost is out of the ground and the Nips have had an acre of ground scarified by a very primitive plow drawn by two nondescript ponies in charge of Chinese coolies. Only a few Dutch officers volunteered to put in a garden. The Commandant says it may be our only food next fall. We say the RC is pretty good, if they would only allow us to have it. Anyway we don't expect to be here many more months.

20 April '45: Yesterday was the most painful day of my life. Twelve hours of acute migraine headaches. Codeine, aspirin, assatalin and hot applications failed to give relief. Severe nausea and vomiting end of the episode. May I have no more. An inspector here from Mukden trying to persuade us to volunteer for a garden farm saying several acres outside the camp are available. Our answer is no unless ordered to do so contrary to the International custom of civilized nations. We have a new Camp Commander who says we are dirty and untidy. What an intelligent observation!

21 Apr '45: The Col. at Mukden hearing our decision not to volunteer for work has at once frozen our remaining RC and says our remaining two parcels must last until Jan 1 '46. Our food doled out as the Nips decide. Thus our RC "nine parcels each must last thirteen months". Under this schedule "We may get an issue about every ten days". This POW life is never devoid of monotony.

24 Apr '45: Weight today 166 lbs. A loss of over two lbs the past month. All fires out. Must launder in ice cold water. Matches issues for smoking - one match per day per prisoner. Three cigarettes per day. The Committee has put in a letter for a more frequent issue of RC food and a letter to our protective power representative in Tokyo, regarding food shortage. Will it be delivered?

MAY 2 May '45: Food the past week has been very trying, which seems to be intentional. Enlisted men are ordered to do the farm work and officers excused according to the Geneva Treaty, and our ration is cut for veiled punishment. Only one item of RC issued per week and only small pieces of brown coarse bread and millet for standard diet. Very tasteless and unappetizing. D---- shame with our RC locked away from us. Chilly weather and monotonous days. No mail for the past seven months. Just a POW.

4 May '45: Yesterday all salutes ordered as in Taiwan. Today ration was cut nearly 50% and raised 30% for enlisted men. They promise no punishment if we did not volunteer to work, but here it is. All this in spite of being told on arrival here that we were a special charge of the Emperor and our rank entitled us to be treated as honorable POW. It is now back to starvation as in Karenko.

1945 7 May '45: Our three senior officers wrote a protest to the Commandant yesterday regarding our treatment stating that we were informed on arrival here that we would be better treated than in Taiwan regarding our rank, age, etc. It lasted six months, but now with change of Commandants we are back on cruel treatment. The RC withheld and ration down to a constant hunger status. The days are long and dull when constantly hungry. Plain corn meal mush for breakfast, millet for lunch and beans in the evening with two small pieces of bread constitutes the day's ration. Cigarettes three per day. Our only hope is early freedom.

10 May '45: Our hopes were lifted yesterday as a "meat supper" was announced. It proved to be nine pounds of pork for 320 people. Think of it, 45/100th ounce per man. It was boiled with the beans and gave us "an odor". The sr. officer committee conferred with the Commandant over our food today. He said Japan was very short and must save every morsel of food for a long war. We see long freight trains going south and we suppose Manchuria is being drained for Japan. Two pkgs. of Nip cigarettes and a small sack of bread dough issued to us today. First meat and cigarettes for the last six weeks, altho they check us 50Y per month for canteen supplies and we have no canteen. The past six months we received about 5Y worth of supplies. It is hell to be hungry all the time on corn meal mush, millet and beans. Profane words fail to describe the situation.

13 May '45: Mother's Day with Wilderdink singing "Mother O'Mine" at church. Past two days a marked change has occurred in camp. Garden work and all enlisted men are detailed to packing Nip winter clothing, mess gear and metal furniture for shipment out of camp. All signs of evacuation and inspecting officers arriving. This indicates that all POW are being moved on. We hope the war is over and we are to start home, but as usual the Nips tell us nothing. Do hope that they give us the RC food that they have locked up. News of the death of F.D.R. Many conjectures, but they say he was shot at the SF Conference. Orders to move by the 20th. Hope it is to a port. Postcard allowed to be sent home today. What to say?

15 May '45: All busy packing. Heavy baggage out at 3:00 PM today. All is a mystery, but morale up. Ration being increased for travel.

19 May '45: Move tomorrow at 10:00 AM. Reveille at 4:00 AM. Beds, mattresses, etc., turned in at 5:00 AM.

20 May '45: Above schedule carried out and all thru at 5:00 AM, with nothing to do for two hours until the breakfast mush at 7:00 AM. All furniture having left the barracks, we "enjoyed" our morning mush sitting on the floor. All finished packing and waiting. Finally told to be ready to depart at 12:30. At 1:00 PM we marched 1000 yards to the RR station. Only three third class coaches and we had to wait for the cars to be unlocked. 120 per car with a capacity of 80. I was unable to secure a seat, so spent the next three hours standing or sitting on aisle baggage. At last we shook down to three per seat, changing positions hourly. Before leaving camp we received a surprise shakedown search and all remnants of food removed from our baggage. As the trip was to comprise three meals each prisoner was given three small pieces of bread for the trip. Evidently this is to discourage escaping from the train without food. The train started at 2:15 PM with much heavy jerking. During the first hour and 50 minutes we covered 18 miles headed south. We have no idea of our destination. All blinds were tightly closed and at 6:00 PM we stopped in a town for 6 1/2 hours, but we were not allowed off of our overcrowded cars. One small piece of brown bread and no water for supper. All sat restlessly thru the night with the same type of food for breakfast.

MUKDEN

1945) ... Reached Mukden at 8:15 AM, attached to a long freight train. The whole
21 May) morning was spent in bumping us about the RR yards, with general freight switch-
----- ing. We were placed on a siding like cattle. At noon another piece of bread, no
water. All curtains tightly drawn, but we could obtain an occasional glimpse when
the guards were not looking. At 1:00 PM a switch engine kicked us around to a fac-
tory area after covering a distance of 5 miles in 1½ hours. And at 2:30 PM we were
in the vicinity of a huge work camp surrounded by high walls and electrified barbed
wire. We were detrained and marched about one mile to the camp. After an hour's
standing in the hot sun, being counted and checked in under a constant tirade of a
Honolulu Jap interpreter, we reached our living assignments on the 2nd floor of a
large barracks bldg. There we found our numbers posted over each section and when
I reached my number 1717 I found a coarse mattress filled with rice straw on the
floor, covered by four blankets. Thus we at last found out where we were going,
namely Mukden. 150 miles from our start at Cheng-Chu-Teng taking over 27 hours in a
most uncomfortable environment with three pieces of bread and no water for ration.
Here we find ourselves among a large number of American soldiers who have been here
over two years, coming from the fall of Corregidor. All are working in surrounding
factories. They say when they first arrived here no barracks were available, and
they spent the first winter in caves heated only with charcoal braziers. Many died.
This camp was bombed twice in Nov., resulting in 17 deaths and 61 injured. We note
the scars on the walls and some damage to the barracks. The food same here as at
the last camp. All of the young officers we left in Taiwan arrived here three weeks
ago. Dr. Smith, Langdon and Fraleigh, having recently arrived from the Philippines
gave me first news of the Bilibid-Canacao staff. They left Manila on 13 Dec. '44
aboard the ORYOCO MARU with 1619 prisoners. The ship was bombed before leaving the
MARU) Philippine area and destroyed in Subic Bay. A second ship was bombed in the harbor
of Takao, Taiwan, and a third ship landed them in Moji. By that time 1003 were dead
from bombing, dysentery, exposure and neglect. It was a horrible 7 weeks journey
here from Manila. Pitiful story and a saga of horror.

23 May '45: Weighed today, 163-6 lbs. Loss of 2½ lbs the past month.

27 May '45: Getting used to the new camp. It is more like a penitentiary than
other camps. The treatment is OK, and food very good. About 1700 in camp, most of
them working in the factories. Traded old undershirt for some cigarettes. First for
two weeks and the Nips issued a pkg. yesterday, also some terrible candy. Bathing
and washing facilities here are very good. Memorial church services held today.

29 May '45: Another strange birthday and my fourth in prison. Ray O'Day gave me
a pkg. of cigarettes, Lyle some aspirin and Ken some gum. I gave some old clothes to
Smith, Langdon and Fraleigh and two old shirts to some soldiers for some smoking
tobacco, a very coarse Russian type. The RC issued us ½ pkg. of cheese.

JUNE

2 June '45: Dark, cold rainy weather. Food fair. Got ½ RC issue of coffee and
one pkg. of cigarettes. No idea why we are here. "How Long, Oh, Lord, standing in
the need of prayer".

12 June '45: Still status quo. Patients coming in from other camps for medical
treatment. They say they have their heads covered while transitting certain areas.
Usual routine. There is a sick pig in one of the pens and the Japanese have directed
the soldier in charge to try to get some powdered milk for it from the prisoners.
The Chaplains requested some bread for communion services tomorrow. The Nips say
you can have some bread, but it will be backed from your squad issue.

1945 23 June '45: Weight today 157 lbs., a loss of $6\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

29 June '45: Sold my wrist watch today for \$50 as I need some American money. Inspected today by a Lieut. Gen. It is a boring atmosphere. There is no space for walking, as the area is full of foxholes. Overcrowded and dark quarters. Food scant. Long hot days.

JULY 3 July '45: Mail issued today. First received since Sept. 9, '44. Got a letter from Vera dated Nov. 25, '43. While in Taiwan I had received 6 letters of later dates. The mail and RC handling is an example of inefficiency. How do they prosecute a war? This letter is the first for nearly ten months, but it is a thrill just the same. Today is a holiday for all labor, so we are giving a musical program this PM. Air raid drill in the trenches.

8 July '45: Dr. Pigdon, Australian, buried yesterday. An autopsy revealed a brain tumor. He appeared in perfect health until two weeks ago. Our food is scant and non-appetizing. Mush or millet for breakfast. Bean and vegetable soup at noon and in the evening some soup and a small bun of coarse brown bread. Many of my meals are bread and hot water.

15 July '45: Our reveille at this camp is 5:30 AM. The MKK factory workers muster at 6:20 AM, and must be at their work by 7:00 AM. Breakfast is served at 6:00 AM. Am losing weight daily, and take no exercise. Cigarettes issued today and potatoes added to our food. Constantly hope that the food will improve. Factory working hours end at 6:00 PM. They say we get no more RC until 6 Sept.

18 July '45: Our bread is now cut to two small pieces per day.

19 July '45: Almost a starvation diet. We are all hungry and losing weight daily. Signed a home letter today submitted on 3 June, or 40 days ago. Weather hot and sultry.

24 July '45: Weight today 150 lbs. Down 6 and 6/10ths lbs.

29 July '45: Church services cancelled today by a new Nip camp superintendent. No reason given, but it is the first time that Sun. services have been refused. We hear additional RC has arrived, but it does not mean that we will get it.

30 July '45: Food is more scant. I am below 150 lbs and losing daily. Taking no exercise, read a while in the mornings and play bridge in the PMs. Lyle and I won a 31 rubber this PM. Following another request today for some more RC food we were told that we act like a bunch of hungry dogs.

AUGUST 5 Aug '45: An RC committee from Switzerland visited the camp today. It was a complete washout. As usual for inspections some baked potatoes and corn bread were prepared for the visiting committee and Lieut. Murata escorted them only to the kitchen, sick bay, and thru an empty barracks out the gate. There was no contact with any prisoner permitted.

9 Aug '45: Our peaceful routine was disturbed yesterday by two air alarms. At 4:30 AM and 11:00 PM. No planes seen or heard. It may be a Russian threat. We looked for an invasion of Japan very soon. Hope these days will end.

1945 13 Aug '45: Church again cancelled yesterday. Nips busy digging trenches outside the walls. We expect to hear soon from Russia.

14 Aug '45: Ominous rumors of a move. The Nipponese actions indicate Russian advance. Restless days. We are getting almost daily newspapers smuggled in by our factory workers. We guard Cols. Hoffman and Wood doing their translations and each evening under careful watch a communique is read thruout the squads and we now know that Russia is in the war and that Japan is being heavily bombed.

16 Aug '45: Suddenly today at 5:30 PM a soldier rushed into our section and said, "War over at 9:00 AM today". A Nip had told him that we should be out in ten days. We all looked at each other and wondered if it was just another false rumor, but going out and finding the whole camp aroused and the Nips ignoring any honors - it convinced me that something big had happened. At about 11:30 AM several parachutes were seen descending about two miles away. We supposed it was Nipponese training, but at 5:30 it proved to be a committee of Americans sent by Gen. Weidemeyer from China. They appeared to have arrived at this camp escorted by Nipponese and not treated as POW.

17 Aug '45: I was awake all night enjoying the prospect of freedom. At 8:00 AM an announcement was made, Armistice between England, America and NEI. Russia was still fighting and we are to remain POW for the present, but all bars are down and we will be out in a few days. Mail and RC are being distributed and our food will improve, which is a tremendous item as we have been on a starvation diet for over two months. My weight today is 149 pounds. Col. Floyd Marshall died from TB on the 15th, and was buried yesterday. He has been bedfast for the past 10 months. Such a pity to finish on V-J Day and he was so hopeful of getting hope.

DER TAG

1. At 8:00 AM the three senior officers Gens. Ilgen, Maltby and Parker were called to the Nip HQ and informed us that an armistice had been signed on the 15th between the Nips and the Americans, NEI and Britain.

2. Dr. Le-May called all medical officers together and told of their flight yesterday from Central China and landing with parachutes. They landed in a potato patch and treated roughly as prisoners for a few hours, then brought here and treated royally. At great risk six men reached us here in prison. Thrilled over the Government contacting us so promptly as we were facing peril with the Russians pushing the war to this area and the Nips getting more unpredictable.

3. Mail distributed all day. Most of it over 2 yrs. old, but I got three letters written in March 1945, namely Vera, Herbert Kelly and Robert. Each containing good news and my first real mail in ten months.

4. Food increased and RC issued, two boxes for three people. Tonight had pork, extra bread and chocolate. What a thrill!

5. Gen. Parker in command tomorrow, and we take over the camp administration.

6. Navy muster this PM to organize travelling as a group.

7. Orchestra gave an outside concert this eve. Transformation from paupers to princes, and now awaiting transportation to the nearest port, probably Dairen. A radio has been set up and our first news is that a reception is awaiting for us in NY. Some day!!!

1945 18 Aug '45: Difficulty in radio contact to Gen. Weidemeyer in China to inform him that his plane with 6 men arrived here and that all is in readiness for troop arrivals. We have taken over the camp administration and all Nips are just present for our protection. Food galore, and can smoke on the grounds, etc. Great rejoicing. The branch camps are in and we number over 1700. 8:00 PM our message has gotten through and we expect troops by air tomorrow.

19 Aug '45: It is Sunday. Had a good sleep last night and it is a beautiful day. And all the feelings of a POW have disappeared. A fine thanksgiving church service held. A large American plane has arrived with more food. We greatly need some carbohydrates. I am feeling fine and preparing my first uncensored letter home, which is expected to leave today by air with eleven sick patients. All looking for troops today which will officially release us as POW. An orchestra concert this PM and a jam session was presented in the evening. Getting four news releases a day over our radio. The Jap Army in Manchukuo is asking MacArthur to make the Russians stop fighting.

20 Aug '45: Standing by awaiting a Russian official to approve our release. At 5:30 PM a B-24 came over, dropping leaflets of the Jap surrender. Big scramble to receive a souvenir. The plane returned over us and waggled its wings. All waved and was the thrill supreme. The first US plane I had seen since Dec. '41. During the evening concert all hands were called to HQ and there on the steps we saw several Russian officers smiling and nodding to us as we packed into the area. I got in close and soon a six foot Russian officer uttered a sentence and interpreter translated, "From this moment you are free." Cheers galore and what an electrical stimulus. I looked at my watch, and the magic moment was 7:23 PM. It all rhymed with three, and I thought of the span from three forty-five AM. Dec. 8, 1941. The Russian officers gave us a hearty greeting saying that they had been in the war only ten days, travelling over almost impassable terrains, but now Manchuria had surrendered. It was grand to see the smiling Russians who said, "You will be starting home very soon." We returned to our concert, while Ilgin, Maltby and Parker went into conference with the Russians. Soon we were directed to return to the barracks. The entire Nip garrison were paraded and we 1700 assembled around to witness the laying down of their arms. The interpreter recited each step, and we hoped the Nips were thoroughly ashamed. The Nip Colonel handed his pistol over to Gen. Parker, and the rifles and ammunition boxes were laid out on the ground. After completion our guard shouldered the rifles and paraded the Nips before us on their way to the Guard House. What a reversal from five days ago, when we were being heckled and starved. Some of our guard who have recently been in the guard house, I am sure, will see that the Nips do not forget it. Taps is now extended to midnight, and in the light of a full moon I enjoyed the mass singing of "God Bless America", etc.

FREE
MEN
ONCE
MORE

21 Aug '45: Nips are out on all work details filling in the foxholes and other less desirous duties. While we await orders to move when ships are ready. Probably 5700 miles from SF. We hear some bridges are out between here and Dairen and there may be some delay. We are free to go into the city, but we are under Gen. Parker's orders, and as we are ragged we await the issue of some better clothing. I have been a POW 1080 days. Our food is now adequate, except for carbohydrates, but a supply of food has arrived by plane from China. I now weigh 150 lbs.

1945

22 Aug '45: Butchering hogs today. Nips working under our guards. Information is given that we may probably leave by air starting in three days via China, India, North Africa, and across the Atlantic to NY, fifteen per plane, so it will take some time to evacuate 1700. Wondering when my turn will come; all is under Gen. Parker's arrangements. If by rank, I am third on the Colonel list. It will be a unique trip. Carrier Pigeons are dashing over the camp, each carrying a whistle to keep the hawks away. The soldiers have a softball diamond in action. A very good evening show presented.

23 Aug '45: Considerable sniping and bullet singing over the camp area. Street fighting in the city. The plan now for evacuation is via Shanghai, Manila and across the Pacific.

24 Aug '45: Gates are now open daily from 7:30 AM to 7:30 PM. Wilterdink and I walked thru the MKK factory returning thru the adjacent village. All Chinese cities are alike. The sick left via air today.

25 Aug '45: Raining hard, but cleared at noon. Into the city with Wilterdink looking for sugar and coffee. The shops are all closed at present by the Russians and the only purchases that can be made are from the curb markets. Nothing for sale, but everything including the brewery is free to us, and anyone going to the RR station, where the Jap officers and troops are arriving for surrender, can obtain souvenirs such as swords, rifles, field glasses, etc. If we only see a souvenir we point to it and the Russians halt the Nip who promptly hands it over. If slow in replying the Nip is promptly knocked down or roughly handled by the Russian soldiers. A Nip general was stood at attention while Eccles, one of our enlisted men, removed his gold-banded sabre. How the mighty have fallen. They merely look glum and are getting some of the treatment given our troops at the beginning of the war.

I went up to a Chinese Capt. on the street to ask about sugar and coffee from my Chinese vocabulary and found he spoke some English. He said sugar and coffee could not be found in Mukden, but he could get some from the Chinese Army stores. He got a Droschky and drove us to his quarters where we were served watermelon, cantaloupe, cookies and hot tea. We were entertained for two hours, and told of the Chinese hatred for the Japanese. The Chinese (Manchus) had not been allowed to speak any English for the past five years. Penalty, beheading. We each received one and one half pints of fine granulated sugar and 2 pints of coffee. When we left the Captain whose name was Shang Ling-Che, called a droschky and prepaid our fares back to camp. He said it was an honor and a privilege to entertain an American. Mukden is a city of one and a half million and the intramurus section is like all dirty Chinese cities.

26 Aug '45: Church in AM. Walked into the Walled City to look for canned milk. A Chinaman picked me up in his droschky when half way in and refused any pay. Found some milk in a curb market. The price was Y100. Didn't have that much so decided to return next day after trading in a blackout curtain. I met three drunken American soldiers who asked what I was looking for. I said, "Milk, but did not have the price". In about 15 minutes I met them again, and they handed me a can of milk. I fear it was not paid for. A commandeered fire truck brought me home at high speed with sirens open and bells ringing.

1945 27 Aug '45: In to town at 8:30 AM by camp truck to Amato Hotel, where Gen. Wainwright's party had just arrived. Met several after two years' separation and had a nice visit with Gen. King. At the RR station saw a 16-car refugee train pull in from the north. Many Jap soldiers and officers among them. The Russians allowed me to pass all barriers and I got a close-up of the most downcast lot I have ever seen. All Japs are labeled with red badges. Same with stores and apartment houses. On the way home I got some tomatoes, two for Y10, apples the same.

28 Aug '45: At the gate this PM got four eggs for Y20 and enjoyed them soft boiled. Rained all PM. In the evening walked with Ken outside the camp. I am slated to go out with the next plane group.

29 Aug '45: To town with Wilterdink for a can of milk. Got some eggs and the boys scrambled them for me in the boiler house. Took a long walk with Capt. Will and Kenn along the canal. Several B-29's appeared and apparently looking for our camp. We returned and watched them make low approaches and begin dropping food boxes by small parachutes. They were so low and fast and most of the loads landed outside the walls, resulting in some damage, as the parachutes did not have time to open. Thousands of Chinese gathered, but looting was prevented by our guards firing in the air. Notified to be ready to depart at 8:30 AM tomorrow for Sian and Kunming, China. A processing team arrived from Sian and began our classifications. Camp lights out as food dropping broke the circuits.

30 Aug '45: Slept little last night with packing and thoughts of really starting home. 60 of us left camp at 8:45 and we took off at 10:00 AM in one B-24 and two C-47 Douglass Transport planes, with 24 in this plane. We are now out two hours and sailing smoothly along at 4000 ft. I have just returned from the 2nd pilot's seat and lunched on Army ration. The plane will go up to 8000 ft. for the China hills and land at 4:00 PM to spend the night in Sian and go on to Kunming tomorrow. Expect to go to Manila from there, but hope to cross the Atlantic. No information on it yet. It is a bright clear day and fine for flying. It is a great thrill to really be enroute home and a coincidence that four years ago today I sailed from SF. Weight yesterday was 157, or a gain of 31ght lbs since the war ended. This plane is AC-47 cargo type with seats along the side, but I have a parachute to sit on, and am comfortable reading a novel, "Mrs. Craddock", by Somerset Maugham. The plane could have been swept out and cleaned up a bit, but it is grand to be on our way.

It is raining and we are on our way and flying thru a heavy mist with the ground obscured. We have radio news from Honolulu and hearing of the Pearl Harbor investigation. Our troops are landing on Japan. Adm. Nimitz said sea-power won the war, making advance bases for air power. Each of us issued a pkg. of Luckies.

SIAN
FU

Landed at Sian at 4:00 PM, thru a 200 ft ceiling at Army Air Base, a former Chinese civil air base. 1000 miles from Mukden. Trucks took us to our barrack dormitories. They apologized for the poor food here, but we found it most excellent, consisting of veal cutlets, toast, coffee, sugar, beans and apple sauce. First American meal for 3 1/2 years, and served by Chinese boys. Our first view of a tablecloth and a napkin, fork, knife and a spoon. Each was given a carton of Luckies and a chocolate bar. A great treat to receive such luxuries. At 7:00 PM we were taken to the Post movies and saw a new film of German atrocities and a battle on Okinawa, our first movies since the beginning of hostilities. Hot water in the bathroom - Oh, boy!

1945 31 Aug '45: Slept soundly and breakfast at 7:00 AM on scrambled eggs, French toast, bacon and coffee. What a change from a bowl of mush! Sergeant Roy McCracken drove us into the City of Sian, a city of 400,000. It is a modern Chinese city with large stores and wide streets. Should leave at 1:00 PM for Kunming, but a low ceiling may delay us a day. Bath towel and razor blades issued to us. What a joy to be away from Prison Camp. McMillan met the US Navy Attache from Chungking last eve, who recorded our names for transit to the Navy Dept., when he returns to Chungking today. Do hope Vera will be notified.

SEPT 1 Sept '45: Got off yesterday at 2:10 PM. Ceiling 300 ft. but we rapidly rose to 12,000 ft. into the sunshine. Lost my fountain pen, probably out of jacket pocket while in town. The plane, a C-47, with 20 passengers piloted by Lt. Franklin, 24 years of age and the 2nd pilot, 23 years of age, seemed like children, but they handled the plane like veterans. Circled low over Chungking at 6:00 PM, and I got a thrill out of seeing the old Yangtze River area of gunboat days 30 years ago. Gassed at Liangshan, 4-5 PM. A new airstrip on flat ground in a valley. I watched the approach and landing from the cockpit, hitting on 100 miles per hour. It is very hot on the ground. After take-off at 5:00 PM I flew the plane for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Enjoyed it all with a beautiful sunset.

KUN Landed at Kunming at 8:30 PM, and all driven to the Army Base Hospital for
MING Supper, x-ray of chest, blood tests, etc. To bed in one of the wards at 11:00 PM. Little sleep on account of so much noise and the arrival of one of our planes at 2:00 AM. This AM we are standing by for a physical examination. I passed OK, and in the PM moved out ten miles to a hostel among the hills with the rest that will move on by the first available planes. Thus, I experienced a ten mile ride over the Burma Road. A few who did not pass the physical examination were kept in the hospital for further observation. We are quartered three to a room and food is very good. The Navy - McMillan, Wilterdink and myself, want to cut loose from the Army, as they are all ordered to return via Manila, which will delay their proceeding home, and we want to (go) directly across the Atlantic.

2 Sept '45: Pursuing our Navy plan, I got a truck and drove into the Naval HQ in the city and McMillan sought out the head of G5, or the Army Special Intelligence Officer, for evacuation. A message was quickly dispatched to Adm. Miles at Chungking. The Adm. hopped a plane and flew here to meet us. The G5 office issued orders for Wilterdink, McMillan and myself, of the Navy, plus Col. Howard and Lieut. Bennett of the Marine Corps, to proceed via Trojan plane via Calcutta tomorrow. All of us were delighted. I remained in town for lunch and returning to camp, joined McMillan and Wilterdink, who were being transferred to the home of Commander Chubb, Supply Corps. I was invited to check out of Army control and spend the night with them. We moved up to a large house on the side of the hill where every convenience was available for us. Comdr. Chubb arranged a dinner party for 12 to meet Adm. Miles. A grand dinner was served and after the Adm's story of the Navy in China, some flashlight pictures were taken at midnight showing POWs consuming a bountiful chocolate cake. To bed at 1:30 AM.

3 Sept '45: After a fine breakfast I was driven to the Supply Office and given some canteen articles such as cigars, candy, and a few articles of clothing, also a fine Swiss wrist watch. Met a Chinese, General Lei, who called to invite us to a special dinner at his home this evening, but we excused ourselves on account of our departure. Driven to the airport at 4:00 PM by Comdr. Chubb and Dr. Hamlen, got aboard the Trojan at 5:15 and clocks turned back one hour and 30 minutes Calcutta time.

8 Dec 1941- - - - - 7 Sept 1945

1945 A beautiful plane - C-54. My seat-mate was Miss Virginia Fitzgerald, private sec. for Gen. Chenault. Over the hump at 7:00 PM at 14,000 ft. I rode with the pilot thru the sunset and for an hour after darkness. Landed at Calcutta 10:30 PM, local time. Lieuts. Ford and O'Keefe with two cars met and drove us 20 miles to their quarters in the city. Wide streets and smooth pavements. I could not understand the constant screaming of sirens until I discovered two motorcycles ahead of us as our escort. Fine, large and modern quarters. Met the rest of the Navy and enjoyed beer and sandwiches. All given a pair of new shoes. To bed at 12:30 as must be up at 6:00 AM and depart at 8:30 AM. We covered the 850 miles from Kunming in 5½ hours.

CALCUTTA

(4 Sept '45: Up at 6:15. Nice breakfast with Indian waiters. Left at 8:30 with AGRA Lieut. O'Keefe and shown thru the city at a fast clip. Wide streets and typically English public buildings and parks. Stores large and streets crowded with natives. (Saw the Black Hole of Calcutta. To another airport, pictures taken by Navy photo-graphers and off at 9:50 in a C-47. Flat terrain, cruising at 8000 ft. At Agra for lunch after circling the Taj Mahal at 300 ft. Off at 2:15, again circling the Taj Mahal. Landed at Karachi at 2:35 PM. In 2nd pilot's seat one hour and enjoyed handling the controls. Very beautiful floor of clouds. Guided by radio, the pilot let down thru a heavy fog and made a beautiful landing. After arranging for departure at 1:30 AM we were taken into the Terminal for a good dinner of chopped steak. The Terminal, hangars, etc., are in the hands of the US Army. Very large and modern. Navy billeted in VIP rooms. I asked what this VIP designation meant and the answer was "Very Important People". This, I thought, was a joke, but realized that we had been receiving special attention all along, and I found the same designation being used at LaGuardia Field, NY. Distance from Calcutta to Agra 850 miles. Agra to Karachi 635 miles. Calcutta population three million. Karachi, twenty thousand.

PERSIA - EGYPT - NORTH AFRICA - NEWFOUNDLAND - HOME

5 Sept '45: Called at 12:15 AM and assembled for 1:30 AM departure in a C-54, a large four engine plane and very comfortable with twenty-five passengers. The liner was flown by a TWA crew. Careful baggage inspection thru customs and a lecture given to us on the use of emergency equipment over water. We took off at 1:30 AM for the 6 hour flight to Abadam, Iran. After one half hour out, oil pressure trouble developed, and we returned to Karachi landing at 3:30 AM. After some coffee returned to bed at 4:30 AM to await a call. We were called at 7:30 AM, and took the air at 8:50 AM in the same plane, now cruising at 8000 ft. over the Persian Gulf and due at Abadam at 3:00 PM, or twelve noon local time. Landed at Abadam on time and found the temperature over 100 on the ground. Met by Capt. Crow of the Army, who took us to an air-conditioned Army Mess. He reported that the ground temperature was 118 degrees. A nice cold lunch with watermelon and our first ice cream with chocolate sauce. Polish refugee girls served as waiters, having been Russian POWs.

Off again at 2:30 PM, and at 4:20 crossed Bagdad, a large city in a treeless desert. Over the Dead Sea at 7:00 PM, crossing directly over Bethlehem, obtaining a good view of Jerusalem, Mt. of Olives and Jericho. Arrived at Cairo, after crossing the Suez Canal at 8:00 PM. Very dark and unable to distinctly see the Pyramids and the Sphinx. After landing I would have missed dinner if distance and time could have permitted (being) driven or but it being only an hour before plane departure and distance 20 miles, made it possible. A soldier said he could make it if I would request an MP motorcycle escort, but I did not accept such a wild ride in the dark. Departed Cairo at 9:40 PM, reached Tripoli at 3:00 AM, after two hours of sleep.

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1945 6 Sept '45: Departed Tripoli 4:00 AM, and due in Casablanca about noon, and in Wash. DC, tomorrow. Some speed, a mile every 20 seconds. Aviation has developed greatly since I have been a POW, and is now a dependable method of transportation, day or night. Arrived in Casablanca 11:50 AM. Population 200,000. Taken to Anca Hotel by the Army for lunch. Off for the Azores at 1:50 PM in the same plane. Reached Santa Maria, Azores, 7:50 PM, and time turned back two hours. Off again at 8:50 PM, local time, for Stevensville, Newfoundland, a 10½ hour flight. A very dark night, but here we go out over the ocean, gaining altitude and on the way.

LAST 7 Sept '45: Arrived at Harmon Field, Newfoundland, at 6:00 AM, or 3:00 AM local
LAP time. A very smooth crossing and slept several hours. After a fine breakfast we departed at 4:45 AM for LaGuardia Field, NY, a 6½ hour flight. Landed in NY at 11:00 AM. Off at 1:00 PM, landing in Wash. about 2:30 where I was met by Commodore Adams, handed a telegram from Vera, and driven to the SG office in the Navy Dept.

F I N I S
